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THE FRANCHISE QUESTION.

THE gossips in print have informed the world that Mr. GLADSTONE is much disappointed at the slow progress of the debate on the Address. The fact is extremely probable, not to say certain; so probable, or rather so certain, that, except for a public which loves trivial intelligence in an oracular form, it is difficult to see why any one should have taken the trouble to mention it. It is merely a fresh and not very striking illustration of a peculiarity of the PRIME MINISTER's character which is patent to all observers, though, by the way, the reader will not find it referred to in the decidedly commonplace article on Mr. GLADSTONE which opens the November *Fortnightly*. To form plans or expectations entirely inconsistent with the probable course of events, and then to be wroth with gods and men because the plans go wrong and the expectations are not realized, is habitual with Mr. GLADSTONE. It is a little pathetic and more than a little amusing, but unfortunately, in a man placed as Mr. GLADSTONE is, the national inconvenience which results from it rather obscures its pathetic and amusing aspects. No living soul, it may be confidently said, except Mr. GLADSTONE, believed that the Government plan of an Autumn Session which was to be wholly and solely employed in concentrating the wrath of the Commons and the nation on the wicked Peers had the slightest chance of being carried out. But there is no doubt that Mr. GLADSTONE, himself is convinced that the extreme wickedness of somebody (it is not difficult to guess who) is the cause of the failure and postponement. In the same way Mr. GLADSTONE, in framing the preposterous political programme, in the carrying out of which the Autumn Session is only a chapter of a book, appears to have left no margin whatever for possibilities of resistance or necessities of change. That his plan should not be carried out intact, that he should have to alter or to concede, are suggestions which assume in his eyes a form identical with the suggestion that he should wear a white sheet. The utter extravagance, the hopelessly unpractical temper which these now historical remarks about the white sheet show, would, like his sincere disappointment at the refusal of Parliament to huddle up the Address, and cash Mr. GLADSTONE's first of exchange at once without waiting for second and third, be partly amusing and partly pathetic but for the circumstances of the case. In the master of a majority a hundred PEASES strong, this spoiled-child temper is dangerous as well as ridiculous.

If, however, Mr. GLADSTONE is still shuddering at the thought of the white sheet; if Mr. JOHN MORLEY (no doubt after the most serious and honest consideration, but, it may be hinted, a little late for a political student, if not an active politician, of many years' standing) has at length made up his mind against Second Chambers; if the great heart of West Ham is seething with passion against a bloated aristocracy, and if Miss JESSIE CRAIGEN, in the intervals of having fines paid for her by her friends, has decided that the House of Lords must be forthwith abolished, it does not appear that all the PRIME MINISTER's followers are equally stout. In one quarter it has been declared that it will be disgraceful if some compromise cannot be found, though it is difficult to imagine a compromise which will not suggest the baneful idea of sheeting to a mind so determined to see all things in white as Mr. GLADSTONE's.

Other and much more thoroughgoing supporters entreat intelligent Conservatives (the existence of which contradiction in terms appears to be for the sake of argument admitted) to tell them why they oppose separation. The objects of these entreaties may be Conservative, but certainly cannot be intelligent if they have the slightest difficulty in responding, though their eagerness to do so may be a little dashed by remembering that the response has been given over and over again, without apparently satisfying the curiosity of the Radical ROSA DARTLES. To put the thing in a new and appropriate form, Conservatives and Liberals, in the proper sense, object to separation, because separation will put it in the power of the Government to treat them on the principles which Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR has ingenuously avowed in the matter of furnishing routine information to newspapers. Conservatives and Liberals proper do not feel quite happy at the prospect of having a supply of members of Parliament doled out to them in exact accordance with the "more or less support" which the constituency may be likely to yield to Mr. GLADSTONE and his successors. This system of conduct is wide-ranging in its application, and there are few instances in which it would be more tempting and more easy to apply it than the instance in question.

But the intelligent (and impenitent) Conservative or Old Liberal need by no means stay here. When his questioners, as it is their habit to do in presence of this answer, exclaim against his unnecessary fears, he has yet another and a more unanswerable answer, which he has given some few times already, and to which no Radical has ever been able to find a rejoinder. If the object of separation is not something of this kind, what is it? The questioners are likely to find this question all the more difficult in consequence of the rash manner in which they have spoken of the Government Redistribution plans ever since the production of those plans in some form or other began to appear a political necessity. They have no fear of such production; not they. For their part they would have been just as glad to begin with Redistribution as to begin with Franchise, and separation was a mere matter of practical convenience intended to facilitate proceedings. They would lose quite as much as the Conservatives by an election on the new register but with the old constituencies, and if they attempted to bring in an unfair Redistribution Bill, they are quite certain that they would lose a great deal more. To all this the intelligent Conservative, and still more the impartial Liberal who is not a Radical, has one fatal retort. And that retort is, "Then why not do what you are asked to do?" And here the colloquy necessarily ends, except in the case of those who are either courageous enough or silly enough to use the white-sheet argument. With such it would be almost in vain to argue, and it would certainly be useless to urge on them the Duke of ARGYLL's reminder that the Opposition leaders have already done, at least, their part in the assumption of the objectionable garment by withdrawing all opposition to the passage of the Franchise Bill as such. An unintelligent Conservative might see in this the putting on of a very large sheet indeed. An intelligent one is certainly entitled to ask whether such a concession on the part of men, the ablest of whom are probably not convinced that the extension of the Franchise is good in itself, though they may be convinced that it has become a practical necessity, does not deserve at least the return demanded, especially

when it is considered what that return is. It is, by the confession of the indiscreet arguers above referred to, nothing material, nothing fatal to reform, or even to the just claims of the Liberal party, but simply an acknowledgment on the part of the Ministry that they are not infallible, and that every detail of their schemes of procedure is not necessarily a law of the Medes and Persians. It has not been thought necessary to notice seriously the polite persons who declare that the House of Lords is not sincere, though even they may be reminded that, if this be the case, nothing can more effectually punish the Peers than to take them at their word. But there is another class to which it would be still more useless to address any kind of argument, and that is the class which considers Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's defence of mobbing on Thursday night and the division which succeeded it as a triumph. Whether it was wise of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL to bring the matter forward as he did may be a question. Persons who were capable of arranging the proceedings at Aston were quite capable of providing witnesses to cover those proceedings with hard swearing, and it was antecedently certain that Mr. GLADSTONE would look with lenient eyes on the escapades of his friends. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with an inadvertence which hardly justified Mr. MORLEY's epithet of "wary," admitted the whole charge against him by promising Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE a quiet meeting in Birmingham. He who can guarantee quiet at his pleasure is obviously responsible for disquiet; and after this admission all Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's sworn or unsworn declarations are worthless. The opinion of the House of Commons may be judged from the fact that two-thirds of the normal Ministerial majority declined to vote against a motion the success of which must have involved the retirement of one of the most prominent members of the Ministry, and not improbably that of the Ministry itself. It is improbable that the last has been heard of the matter, but at least one valuable point has been gained. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has admitted that freedom of speech in Birmingham depends upon his good pleasure. That badger is drawn.

SOUTH AFRICA.

ON the first day of the Session the appointment of Sir CHARLES WARREN appeared not to have been formally completed; consequently no explanation was given of the purpose or of the scope of his commission; but the policy of the Government was indicated in Lord DERBY's speech with only due official reserve. The Government of the Transvaal has had the solitary merit of uniting all parties in the determination to prevent for the future such insolent and treacherous aggressions as the seizure of MONTSOA's territory. The Government, if it had still hesitated to enforce its rights in South Africa, might have taken a useful hint from the speeches in both Houses of the movers of the Address. Lord BELLER, while he professed entire confidence in the Ministers, recognized the demand of the country that the Convention made a few months ago with the Boers should be fully and entirely respected. Mr. STAFFORD HOWARD discussed the affairs of South Africa at greater length and with stronger expressions of feeling. Although nothing had been said in the Speech from the Throne of armed intervention, Mr. HOWARD assumed that an expedition was intended, and he urged the Government to push forward their preparations. It may be hoped that, as a natural belief in the supineness of the present Ministry has resulted in plunder and bloodshed, a display of force and a declaration of readiness to use it may avert the necessity of actual war. The secession of Mr. JOUBERT from the Transvaal Government, on the alleged ground of its gross breach of faith, seems to imply that even among the Boers there are two parties, one of which professes to acknowledge some plain moral rules. Their scruples will be confirmed by the report of the debate in the House of Lords, and especially by Lord DERBY's formal declaration. The discussion in the House of Commons originated by Sir HENRY HOLLAND proves still more clearly that the unanimity of all parties has at length produced its due effect on the Government, notwithstanding Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's declaration that it is a "waste of time" to discuss the validity of English protection and the meaning of English pledges. Mr. ASHLEY went so far as to assure the House that Mr. COURTNEY's opinions on the merits of the Boers are held by himself alone.

It was only on Wednesday last that the tardy decision of

the Government was plainly announced. Lord CARNARVON had not unreasonably doubted whether the "vigilant attention" mentioned in the Speech from the Throne might not prove compatible with continued acquiescence in lawless usurpation. It is satisfactory to learn from Lord DERBY that in this case the Government means "vigilant attention" "in connexion with action." Lord DERBY's explanation of the policy which has now been adopted was sufficiently explicit. The Cape Government, which might otherwise have declined to exert itself for the observance of the Convention, is directly and principally interested in the maintenance of the trade route to the interior. It was with the object of securing an independent right of way, as well as for the protection of a loyal dependent, that Lord DERBY in the negotiation with the delegates steadily refused to allow any extension of the Transvaal territory to the West. The treacherous annexation of MONTSOA's lands appears to have alarmed the Government of the Cape, not through regard for the rights of a native chief, but on account of the interception of the route to the interior. For this or other reasons the Government of the colony has entered into negotiations with the Transvaal, and it professes to believe that it will be able to procure a peaceable evacuation of the district. Lord DERBY told the House of Lords that "we have telegraphed out that they are free to carry out these negotiations, we of course not parting with our control, but remaining in the last resort judges of what should be done." The Imperial Government does not expect that the Cape will supply a military force, and Lord DERBY intimates his intention of undertaking warlike operations, if they should become necessary. The result which he hopes to obtain, if possible by peaceful methods, is the annexation of Bechuanaland to the Colony. As he justly observed, no such concert with the Cape Government could have been established a year ago.

Lord DERBY's version of South African history was ingenious and skilful. Not having personally shared in the responsibility of the Majuba surrender, he had no difficulty in declining to renew a controversy which he represented as obsolete. The apology at which he nevertheless hinted had little bearing on the demerits of a dishonourable and foolish transaction. It might, indeed, have been, as Lord DERBY suggested, inconvenient to retain the Transvaal Boers in subjection, with the consequence of having to deal with permanent disaffection and occasional revolt; but no English politician has objected on principle to the relinquishment of sovereignty over an unwilling body of subjects. The mischief and disgrace which have been incurred are exclusively due to the conclusion of a sham treaty immediately after three petty defeats. It was because the Boers were encouraged to despise the English Government, and to believe themselves invincible, that they have since consistently refused to be bound by their own engagements, or to respect the Power which they believed themselves to have defeated. It is, perhaps, still not too late to dispel the delusion. If they had temporized and affected to observe the Convention, the English Government would not have been forced by public opinion to promise future vigilance. To Lord CARNARVON's questions as to the recall or resignation of Mr. MACKENZIE no definite answer was given, nor was any satisfactory explanation given in the subsequent debate in the House of Commons; but it is impossible to interfere with the discretion of the Government in appointing or dismissing its agents. There is neither glory nor profit to be gained by petty wars which must nevertheless be from time to time undertaken. The most costly and dangerous policy which a Government can pursue is the encouragement of a belief that it is no longer to be feared.

While he admitted that the relations of the Government to the Transvaal Boers, to the Bechuanas, and the Zulus were not satisfactory, Lord DERBY reminded the House of Lords that the affairs of Basutoland had not recently furnished matter for comment. It may be hoped that the separation of the country from the Cape, and the restoration of direct Imperial sovereignty, may secure the tranquillity of at least one part of South Africa. If the experiment succeeds, it will prove that natives are less troublesome as subjects than as neighbours. An opposite system has thus far not produced advantageous results in Zululand. Lord DERBY's recapitulation of a familiar history was not, on the whole, inaccurate. It is true that the causeless attack on CETEWAYO and the destruction of his power accounted for all the misfortunes which have ensued. It was natural that Lord KIMBERLEY's successor and present colleague should pass lightly over the blunder of his capricious restoration. Lord DERBY is justified in attributing the subse-

quent catastrophe to the influence of CETEWAYO's injudicious advisers at Bishopstowe and elsewhere; but a statesman ought to have foreseen the inevitable consequences of a restoration to a part of the territory. The civil war, which ended in the death of the unfortunate King, and in the consequent invasion of the Boer freebooters, necessarily followed from the restoration. CETEWAYO ought never to have been dethroned, but he ought not to have been restored. In denying that he was sent back to Zululand for sentimental reasons, Lord DERBY perhaps unconsciously mistook the motives of his predecessor for his own habitual tendencies. No statesman of the present day is better entitled to claim exemption from the charge of yielding to unreasoning impulses.

Lord CRANBROOK succeeded in eliciting a declaration that the Reserve would be protected against hostile attacks, and, if necessary, by offensive operations. According to Mr. ASHLEY, the territory is at present tranquil and secure. It may perhaps be prudent to abstain for the present from discussion of the complications which are likely to arise from the concert of a section of the Zulus with the invading Boers. The freebooters have thus far not attempted to enter the Reserve; but their native allies have made more than one incursion into the territory, without incurring proper chastisement. But for the support of the Boers they would have been effectually restrained by the fear of exposing their own lands to the attacks of USIBEPU and his confederates. The presence of the Boers, who have proved themselves more than a match for native opponents, enables the Usutus to assume the offensive without risk. It is not known how far the former adherents of CETEWAYO are united among themselves. It is said that DINIZULU, who was some time since crowned by the Boers, has lately been dethroned: and it is added that he has taken refuge with his uncle OHAM, who is closely allied with USIBEPU. According to Lord DERBY, while the Government had to choose between the abandonment of Zululand and the assumption of some kind of sovereignty over the country, order could only have been maintained by the employment of a strong military force. The question was, perhaps, not entirely open. The disorders of Zululand had been almost wholly caused by English intervention; and the Imperial Government was, therefore, morally bound to restore the peace which had been disturbed. It may be added that Natal is, with the exception of a small minority of whites, almost entirely inhabited by peaceable subjects of Zulu race and language. Their kinsfolk to the north of the Tugela have often expressed a wish to share the benefits of English rule. Almost all the English authorities in South Africa have at different times recommended the establishment of a Protectorate, in the belief that no considerable force would be permanently required. Sir HENRY BULWER, who is entirely free from any propensity to aggression or conquest, earnestly pressed Lord KIMBERLEY to assume the government of a district of twice the extent of the present Reserve, and occupying nearly half of the former kingdom of CETEWAYO. In other respects Lord DERBY's statements are, on the whole, reassuring.

EGYPT.

THE reported capture of Khartoum, though not confirmed, is possible enough to occasion serious disquietude; and the death of Colonel STEWART, though also uncertain, appears to be regarded as only too likely by the authorities who have left Colonel STEWART to take his chance among savages for nearly a year. The most encouraging argument for the escape of this gallant officer is discouraging enough, for it is only an argument of probability hinging on a doubtful detail of reported fact. It is said, with little or no confirmation, that the steamer on board of which Colonel STEWART is supposed to have been, cast off before her mishap certain boats full of men and women that she was towing, in order to make her escape; and it is argued, forcibly enough, that Colonel STEWART would never have consented to such a proceeding. But the fact is doubtful; it is but too possible that his consent may not have been asked; and, altogether, the incident shows nothing with certainty except in what a plight Mr. GLADSTONE's Government has left its servants. But the published despatches on Egypt supply matter for discussion about which there is no uncertainty, and which cannot be too much discussed. In the not very distant days when, as Lord MALMESBURY's Memoirs and other books have recently reminded us, statesmen and parties retained some vestige

of individual conscience, and when the conduct of affairs by a Ministry still affected the votes of that Ministry's supporters, a Government would have had hard work to manage the difficulties and discontents arising from such a publication. Now it may be different. The utmost point to which the conscience of a supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE urges him is, as we had once occasion to show by analysis of the last important Egyptian debate, to admit in his speech that the Government has been thoroughly wrong, and to declare by his vote that the Government has been thoroughly right. Perhaps the edifying spectacle presented on that occasion will be renewed before long. More can hardly be hoped. For are we not sending coal into the interior of Egypt with unexampled energy?

It has been usual with Ministerial partisans, and not uncommon with Ministers themselves, to assert that Opposition comments on General GORDON's disapproval of the Government are unauthorized and rash, and to hint that if the despatches which the Government has seen, but which the Opposition has not, were published, matters would wear a very different aspect. These despatches are published, and it may be very deliberately doubted whether a more damning set of documents of the kind has ever appeared. In reply to the demand (it is difficult not to prefix a strong adjective to demand) to "state cause of remaining at Khartoum," General GORDON says, "I stay at Khartoum because Arabs 'have shut us up, and will not let us get out.' 'The only 'reinforcement,' he says again, 'which the Soudan has 'received since the date when HICKS's defeat was known at 'Cairo is seven men, including myself. . . . The people 'here and Arabs laugh over it.' It is hard to say whether there is bitterer irony in these quiet words or in the 'thanks 'for kind expressions' with which the same despatch opens. Perhaps the 'you will not be asked to pay for them' in reference to the Khartoum decorations surpasses both, unless the reference to the Abyssinian Treaty, 'It is like a 'big boy getting a little boy to fight his battles,' is entitled to the palm. The entire telegram of September 18 is a crushing rebuke to the policy or no-policy of the Government, and the despatches as a whole not merely make General GORDON's contempt and indignation at the way in which he has been treated beyond question, but put his own conduct beyond reproach or criticism. He was sent to bring away the Soudan garrisons, and this was, as he shows, and has been shown repeatedly before, impossible, unless efforts were made from the Egyptian side contemporaneously with his own. No such efforts were made. He indicated Berber as the point of first importance to secure, and Berber was allowed to fall into the hands of the rebels. He suggested ZEEBHR, a Turkish contingent, negotiation with this Sheikh and that, money, men, decorations. He himself sums up the matter by asking, with a simplicity which in another man would be almost amusing, "Is it 'right that no attention should be paid to me?" To which question Mr. GLADSTONE, if he spoke his mind, would probably have no difficulty in answering; but the answer, even in the present temper of the English people, might be one inconvenient to publish.

But, it is said, all this is altered now. "We certainly refused General GORDON men, money, and everything else some months ago; but now we are sending five times as many men and spending fifty times as much money as ever he could have asked for or dreamt of. The stores are being sent up 'in immense quantities' [General GORDON had to buy his pewter for decorations on credit], and that little deficiency of 'coal at the front' will doubtless be soon cured. Moreover, here are General Lord WOLSELEY's instructions; for we have sent General Lord WOLSELEY 'of our own free will, and quite over and above anything that General GORDON ever asked for, to show what will be achieved even if General GORDON and Colonel STEWART and Mr. POWER should, by some unfortunate accident, be killed meanwhile.' It is true that Lord WOLSELEY's instructions are before the public, and a very pretty document they make. The 'primary object' is to bring away GORDON and STEWART. 'Best endeavours' are to be used to bring away the Khartoum garrison and officials, but apparently endeavours only—that is, Lord WOLSELEY is not positively charged to do what England and the English Ministry solemnly undertook to do in the spring. Next not merely Darfur, the Babr-el-Gazelle, and the Equatorial Provinces are to be abandoned, garrisons and all; but the Government actually decline to fetch away the garrison of Sennaar, which can be reached without the slightest

difficulty from Khartoum. Furthermore, everything south of Wady Halfa is to be abandoned; but chiefs are to be subsidized to maintain order on the Nile and discourage slavery. And, to crown all—not, indeed, in Lord WOLSELEY's instructions, but in a despatch from Lord GRANVILLE to NUBAR PASHA—the astounding intimation is made that, not merely the interior of the Soudan, but the Red Sea ports, may be comprised in the policy of abandonment.

There is some faint reason for hoping that the effect produced by this wonderful collection of documents will be all the greater that it has been somewhat slow in manifesting itself. This slowness is hardly blamable. No man can be reproached with being slow to believe that an English Government is, to say nothing else, incurring the enormous expense and making the vast preparations of the WOLSELEY expedition for the mere purpose of committing the basenesses and the blunders indicated in the instructions of the leader of that expedition. To put the matter very briefly, if it is proposed to kidnap GORDON and STEWART and bring them away from Khartoum with their mission unaccomplished (General GORDON it is known will not come willingly), ten thousand men and ten millions of money seem to be an expensive way of performing this singular feat. But this is the only positive object announced in the instructions. Even the Khartoum garrison and officials are not positively to be rescued, and all the others are positively to be abandoned. Of the precious subsidy plan it is hardly necessary to speak. Every one who has the slightest political or historical knowledge knows what comes of such arrangements. As to the Red Sea ports, Englishmen have pronounced on that point already and unmistakably. But the Ministry have paid no attention to the pronouncement. OSMAN DIGMA, or M. FERRY, or Prince BISMARCK, may, it appears, from Lord GRANVILLE's words, have Suakin (which we have lost hundreds of Englishmen and killed thousands of Arabs in attempting to hold) and Massowah and Berbera and Zeila for the asking. Henceforward England and Egypt are going to make believe that nothing exists south or east of Wady Halfa, and to forget all about everything that has happened in those uncomfortable regions. In other words, the Government has, or had in the middle of August, learnt nothing, had mended its intentions not one jot, and had only resolved to incur vast expenses for absolutely no result. It can only be said that, if Englishmen allow this, they must have become absolutely incapable of managing their own affairs, and of understanding how their affairs are managed or mismanaged for them.

THE MAAMTRASNA DEBATE.

THE four nights' debate on Mr. HARRINGTON's motion was wholly beside the real question, and was very decidedly dull; but it was not uninstructive, nor altogether a waste of time. On the contrary, it was useful; for what was said, for what was not said, and because it shows what may be expected to happen all through the Session. As a work of supererogation, the Irish members illustrated their own Parliamentary and national character. That did not, it is true, add novelty or value to the debate. Still, if there is anybody left who does not fully realize the extent of an Irishman's faculty for getting up a good working belief in a convenient fiction, he may be taught by the discussion. The judicial doubts of Messrs. PARNELL and McCARTHY, and the fiery indignation of Messrs. HEALY and O'BRIEN, were, in their way, things worth looking at. A mere Englishman in the position of any of these four gentlemen would have shown, by a certain awkwardness, that he was playing a little comedy for purely party purposes. There was not a trace of any such weakness in the round dozen of speeches delivered by the Irish members. Every one of them excelled the similar performances of their little handful of English allies as completely as the acting of a gifted professional surpasses the bungling attempts of an amateur. The innocence of MYLES JOYCE and the four subordinate scoundrels now in prison is a capital stick to beat the dog with, and that is enough for the Irish members. They took it for granted, and argued from it as heartily as if they believed in it. There was also considerable merit in their ornamental zeal for the dignity of debate in the House of Commons. By going through the speeches, and picking out all the expressions which set one Irish member or another appealing to the SPEAKER, it would be possible to make a list such as would be useful in these days of forcibly feeble language of terms which one good Parliament man ought not to use to another. By selection from the utterances of these lovers

of courteous language it would further be possible to make a parallel, and a longer list of words which a person who was particular as to his character as a gentleman would not use about men who could not defend themselves. The two together would show what language an Irish member thinks wrong as a matter of general principle, and what language he uses when he can, without fear of suspension, unpack his heart with words and fall a cursing like his obvious model.

It is almost unnecessary to discuss the arguments so called produced by Mr. PARNELL and his tail. Reduced to plain words, their great contention amounts to this, that certain perfectly well-known statements were not communicated to the counsel for the defence in a certain official form. The two JOYCE boys declared that the men who broke into their father's hut, and committed the crime, had blackened or dirty faces, for there seems some doubt as to the exact force of the adjective used. This statement was not quoted in any of the three trials by either side, and therefore the Irish members maintain that it was deliberately suppressed by Government for the purpose of securing the conviction of innocent men. A great deal more has been brought forward for the purpose of filling up the brief, but in substance this is Mr. HARRINGTON's case. What may be called the padding of the story deserves no more attention than the rubbish which other professors of the art of fiction put in to fill out the traditional three volumes. The repentance of the informer CASEY, the assertions of some of the prisoners that others were innocent, and the statement of the thoroughly Irish priest who advised five men to plead guilty in order to escape the severest form of punishment, are made much of; but even Mr. HARRINGTON knows that by themselves they amount to nothing. The supposed suppression of the declarations or depositions of the young JOYCES is the trump-card. It may be acknowledged, if that is any satisfaction to the Irish members, that the prosecution would have done better to mention the declaration of MICHAEL JOYCE and his brother at the trials. It is a pity that a hole was left for the Parnellites to pick, if only because it would have been so easy to stop it up; but, except on that ground, the boy's description of the murderers was of no value. MICHAEL JOYCE was in the agony of a horrible death when he mentioned the blackened or dirty faces of his murderers. The natural terror and the sufferings of the surviving brother account sufficiently for any amount of loose language. As for what he has said since, that may be discounted. A boy of eleven will say very much what he is wanted to say under the influence of worry, cajolery, and leading questions. It was probably the little value attached to their evidence as to details which caused the Crown lawyers to leave it aside in the trials. In such a light as there was in the hut it was impossible for a couple of terrified lads who were, as the Irish members seem to forget, being beaten to death, to see accurately whether the faces of the murderers were blackened or not. As for the white garments, it is highly probable that the humble patriots who were working for their country in JOYCE's hut had taken off their coats like a greater man. If the statements had been used in court they could not have affected the result. It was not upon the evidence of the young JOYCES that the eight murderers were condemned, but upon independent testimony. The lawyer who conducted the defence might have used their declarations if he pleased, and if he did not it was, no doubt, because he saw that it was useless for his purpose. There is something very Irish in the plea that he could not avail himself of a well-known fact to influence the jury, because the prosecution did not bring it before his notice with all the proper forms and ceremonies. Such as the argument from the supposed suppression of the declarations is, the Irish members are wise to make the most of it, for their case is singularly weak in other respects. Even they cannot deny that three of the eight men condemned were guilty, and that all were sentenced on the same evidence. In face of such a fact as this, a demand for an inquiry into the trials is monstrous if it is taken seriously.

A due regard for the decencies of debate compelled Ministerial speakers to keep up the polite fiction that they were bound to satisfy the honourable gentlemen who sit behind Mr. PARNELL as to the perfect fairness of legal proceedings under the Crimes Act; and perhaps that may have had something to do with their general feebleness in the discussion. Knowing, as they must, that their first duty is to see that patriots of the HARRINGTON, HEALY, or O'BRIEN stamp are kept in a state of chronic dissatisfaction, it must have hampered them not a little to argue on the opposite

supposition. Without being too sceptical, however, we may guess that their weakness was caused by embarrassment of quite another kind. What was being fought out was not the merits of sentences on the murderers of the Joyces, but the Ministerial chance of securing Irish support during the approaching Session. There can be very little doubt how the fight was settled. For HER MAJESTY's Ministers the dilemma must have been most unpleasant; for it was impossible to yield, and resistance made the loss of part of their support sure. They may be left to get out of their troubles as they can. For the present the debate is chiefly important to such as think the fortunes of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet a matter of secondary importance, because it is a warning of the most unmistakable character. The administration of the Crimes Act has been attacked, and, as far as Ireland is concerned, with complete success. By this time there is no jot or tittle of doubt in the average Irish mind as to the innocence of MYLES JOYCE and of four of the five men now in prison. It has taken its place along with other national legends, and every patriot knows that the Castle suppressed important evidence, hoodwinked an honest Irish judge, thirty-six guileless Irish jurymen, and a simple counsel for the defence, all out of its wicked lust for the ruin of five poor felons who loved Ireland. From this plausible story it follows that the Crimes Act should be swept away with all who administer it. Except to Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL and other persons equally open to persuasion by repetition of assertions, the Maamtrasna murder, the trials, the verdicts, and the clamour for an inquiry all equally prove that Ireland will not be at peace till it has been kept in disciplinary quiet by a Crimes Act for a good fifty years.

THE BIBLIOPHILE JACOB.

THE father of all mighty hunters of books, the Bibliophile JACOB, has not been too well treated in the English press. He is dead, the friend of all old and good books, and of all who love books, the laborious child of letters, the patriarch of all who manufacture "copy." There was no field of literary work in which he had not laboured during the last seventy years; for he began, as a mere boy, with an edition of CLÉMENT MAROT. Such was the *Adolescence Jacobine*, such also was his old age. A child of the Romantic movement, and of the attempt to return to the middle ages, he perhaps knew more of his subject than all the other Romanticists together. But his novels were not precisely successful, and BALZAC laughed at the learning which went into the historical romances. Of the Bibliophile's book of poems—for he plunged into poesy like the rest—of *Les Pervenches*, we can say nothing, because it is as rare as last year's periwinkles. His poetry, his novels, his plays have gone where the old moons and the old novels go; his big illustrated volumes on the art and handicrafts of the middle ages are big illustrated volumes. They have more knowledge and are better "got up" than their neighbours and rivals; but, after all, they belong to the region of the drawing-room table. What the Bibliophile will always live by are his books upon books, his essays and studies and gossip about editions and bindings, and the people who collect them. Probably some one in France will write an anecdotic biography of the Bibliophile. It should be very amusing, for he had known every one in his time—the great poets, novelists, publishers, bibliomaniacs. A couple of volumes containing his scattered essays on books and men would be one of the pleasantest works that an amateur of books and contemplator of men could desire to possess. The Bibliophile also did some sterling literary tasks, especially in his wonderfully complete and adequate chronicles of all that was ever printed or drawn or engraved about MOLIÈRE. The future biographer of MOLIÈRE will find the Bibliophile his chief ally, with TASCHEREAU and SOULIÉ. He was a little too conjectural in some of his other volumes, as in *La Jeunesse de Molière*, and in the collection of lyrical pieces "which are, or may be, attributed" to that great writer. He also edited two sets of useful little books—reprints of contemporary plays or pamphlets more or less distantly concerning the comedian. To enumerate his works, acknowledged or unacknowledged, would be impossible. They were not always acceptable to the moral powers that swayed the police of France. For example, the Bibliophile discovered, in the *Bibliothèque Impériale*, a small volume bound with the arms of MARIE ANTOINETTE. The book proved to be the Catalogue of the QUEEN's private library, and many of the

books were "light literature," if Mr. JAMES PAYN's feelings will not be too much outraged by our using that invidious term. Now almost all bibliographers have a touch of the ghoul. They may resist the ghoul and make him flee from them, but he is always tempting them to publish ancient matters that are "very curious" in the sense common in booksellers' catalogues. Now it is the suppressed poems, now the private letters, now the unpublished proof-sheets of some living man or woman of celebrity; now it is a volume that the world has willingly let die. It cannot fairly be said that the Bibliophile was always deaf to the whisperings of the besetting ghoul. He published the catalogue of MARIE ANTOINETTE's private library, and then there were excursions and alarms. Of course no impartial student expected the QUEEN to be other than a woman of her own times; cruelly treated as she was, she still belonged to the French Court of the eighteenth century. But this philosophical view was not taken in high places. There were other publications of the Bibliophile—one in particular on an important topic—which were attacked by the police of his native land. It is more pleasant to think of him as the friend of collectors, especially of PIXÉRCOURT. When that amateur's theatre was burned, he feared that his library would be seized by his creditors. He, therefore, had about sixty light wooden packing-cases made, and in these he carried off, by a "moonlight flitting," the more cherished of his books. These were deposited in the Bibliophile's rooms, which became for the time a mysterious place, a kind of brigand's cave. PIXÉRCOURT finally won his lawsuit, and took back the books which should never, he was determined, fall into the hands of the creditor and the enemy.

The Bibliophile was not a rich man, and when his books are sold the best will prove to be the captives of an ingenuity like that of "Snuffy DAVY." In 1864, for example, he was prowling on the Quai St.-Michel when he saw a little brown volume with the tarnished arms of LOUIS XIV. This was the first edition of *Tartufe*, and must have belonged to the majestic monarch himself. The Bibliophile bought the volume for a couple of francs, and presented it to M. DIDOT, on condition that it should never be rebound. But the librarian of M. DIDOT had the book bound in morocco, and it fetched about eighty pounds at the sale of the famous collector. The shade of the Bibliophile may expect, perhaps, many such rises in value when his collection is scattered.

EXPLORATION IN EGYPT.

IT is very satisfactory to notice that the apathy with which for many years English people have regarded Egyptology is a thing of the past. The "Egypt Exploration Fund" is a success. The well-attended meeting at the Royal Institution on Wednesday is matter for congratulation to all concerned. The money is forthcoming to pay for a continuance of the excavations at San, and Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE has consented to go out again. Another step in the right direction is the proposal to appoint a student to assist Mr. PETRIE, and to learn the rudiments of hieroglyphic literature in its own land. There is no doubt that England has long been shamefully behind the rest of the civilized world in Egyptian study. It seems incredible to a German or a Frenchman that we have no professors at Oxford or Cambridge, in London or in Dublin, or, in fact, anywhere, who can teach the language of the PHARAOHS, or read their inscriptions. There is no provision for such learning. At the British Museum one of the most brilliant hieroglyphic scholars is head of an immense department, of which the art of ancient Egypt is only a branch. Naturally Dr. BIRCH has no power to found a school. Mr. PETRIE is understood to have taught himself to read hieroglyphs; and probably this uphill task has been the lot of most of the few scholars who know as much as he does. The Exploration Fund has done good work, if only in providing employment for a young and active-minded excavator, who has already, by his work at Geezeh, done so much to roll away from us the reproach that in England people were so ignorant that they connected the Pyramids with Christianity; and he will, we trust, do much more to restore our credit. Mr. PETRIE's speech was, of course, the most interesting feature in Wednesday's proceedings. The American Minister had good grounds for the sarcasm in his speech when he said that the expectation of finding the cup hidden in BENJAMIN's sack might encourage some to contribute to the fund; and, though he seems to have alluded to his own

countrymen, the remark is equally true here. The fund, unquestionably, was first gathered with an idea that something respecting the exodus of the Israelites might be found. But Mr. PETRIE has no theories or fancies, and works in a straightforward way at San, as he did at Geezeh, making up his mind after the fact, not before it, and arguing dispassionately from what he sees, not from what he wishes to see. He has examined, he told his audience at the Royal Institution, more than twenty different sites of ancient cities, but at San alone, as he says, there is work in exploration sufficient for generations of explorers. The enormous size of the area to be examined baffles the efforts of a single archaeologist. He has so far found no remains of those Hyksos kings who are believed on good grounds to have reigned at San. In some places the depth of made earth is four times as great as that which lies over Roman remains in London. San was built seven years before Hebron, and had been inhabited continuously till the end of the Roman dominion in Egypt. So far most of Mr. PETRIE's discoveries belong to the Ptolemaic period, and that of the latest native dynasties; but as he goes on he expects to get deeper into the remains and to find earlier monuments. He does not propose to confine his researches to San alone, which, in fact, is a place where excavations can only be carried on for a brief period in spring and early summer; but he mentioned, though not by name, several sites which he proposed, with leave from M. MASPERO, to examine as soon as possible. One of these contains relics of the incredibly remote period of the twelfth dynasty, at least 2000 B.C. Here, he reports, in the middle of a flat field, beside a little village, there were found by some people digging a water-pool the lintel and one jamb of a magnificent gateway carved in red granite by AMENEMHAT I., the founder of the dynasty. Under that field must lie the remains of some building worthy of such an entrance. He has a list of such places, unknown to Europeans as containing ruins of importance, and it is much to be hoped that his funds and his health will both hold out till he has added them to the tale of his achievements.

The few antiquities which have been brought from San are to be distributed to various institutions, some of them going to America. We trust the British Museum has acquired the more important. Such things as the zodiac which Mr. PETRIE described, and the glass lens, the only one which has come down to us from antiquity, should be in our central collection. Another point of importance is the necessity for making some attempt to raise and transport a few specimens of the stone sculpture which so abounds at San. Mr. PETRIE could not carry any of it away even to Boolak. The great temple, entirely ruined, is marked by more than three hundred fragments of stone, all bearing sculptures and inscriptions, and almost all worth removing. It will not do to rob the Museum so carefully and laboriously gathered at Boolak, but there is enough to fill a dozen such museums, and no doubt the authorities will not object. Mr. PETRIE returns to Egypt at once, and he will take with him the congratulations and best wishes of a large number of his countrymen.

CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

SOME one has recently observed that Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE might have seen a woman burned in front of Newgate if he had happened to be on the spot at the moment. That within possibility of living memory a woman should have been burned even after hanging, by English law, seems astonishing. Mr. CARLYLE would gladly, he says, have seen a tradesman "swum thrice across the 'Thames' for not mending Mr. CARLYLE's umbrella with punctuality and despatch. That is the frame of mind in which all early systems of punishment were devised. Men tried by every penal device, as THUCYDIDES remarks, to frighten people into doing what was wanted, and did not succeed. Russia was not better policed under IVAN the TERRIBLE than London could have been under THOMAS the TRUE. Flogging-schoolmasters do not always keep order best, and something in human nature wholly refuses to be kept down by the multiplication and refinement of punishments and tortures:—

Have you beaten the cheating grocer sore,
And nailed the butcher's ear to the door?

asks the ratepayer in the poem, and learns that none of those things have been done. In spite of Mr. FROUDE and Mr. CARLYLE, we doubt if the butcher was at all more honest

when his ear was apt to be nailed to the door than he is at present.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, in charging the Grand Jury at Bedford, uttered some valuable reflections on the danger of over-severe penalties. Quite small offences against property are punished in almost a violent and vindictive manner. A man steals a pocket-handkerchief, and is kept in prison for "an immense length of time," eating his head off, too, at the expense of the country. The pocket-handkerchief costs England, let us say, fifty pounds and a criminal more determined than he was before. Two little boys once tried by the Lord CHIEF JUSTICE pleaded guilty of some very tiny larceny. "It is a sin," says the hymn, with doubtful rhyme and casuistry, "to steal 'a pin, much more to steal some greater thing." The little boys had stolen something not much greater; but each of them (like the South in Mr. CALVERLEY's poem) was "an old offender." They had each done his three months in prison with hard labour—for what? For having appropriated some apples! If the son of the magistrate who inflicted this monstrous sentence had robbed an orchard, it would have been a kind of joke. He would not have received one day's imprisonment. The poor little boys, "being *but* poor boys," were sent a long way in the direction of habitual crime. Probably it would have been safer for them had they acted like a dreadfully bad boy lately, who shut up a child in a dust-bin, meaning to discover his body when he had died of hunger, and to claim a reward. As the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE said, the small apple thieves "deserved to have their ears boxed"—though there are safer places about the human frame than the ears for purposes of correction—and there was an end of the matter. The worthy magistrate who sentenced them did his best to make felons of them for life. If, on the other hand, he had been obliged to sentence a rough who had just kicked an unoffending passer-by into a jelly, he might have given the criminal a month. Only last week one of a gang of murderous scoundrels who haunt an East End road was captured and brought before the magistrate. He was proved to have aided in knocking down and brutally kicking a man who passed, and it was shown that this pastime was the favourite diversion of the district. Notoriously these violent delights often end in murder. The wonder is that any victim ever escapes alive from the iron-shod boots that play football with his head. The worthy magistrate, however, who tried this dastardly scoundrel, after making some moral observations, sentenced him to a month's imprisonment. This, of course, the wretch could "do on his head," and in three weeks he will be free to begin kicking again. A severe flogging is the kind of punishment needed by miscreants of this sort. As long as they only attack the person, especially of their womankind, they may do any amount of mischief at the most moderate tariff. Not long ago a pamphlet was published, *The Wife-beater's Vade Mecum*, showing exactly the rates, from ten shillings upwards, at which a wife may be knocked and kicked into death or idiocy. The law seems to think that all men and women should be able to defend themselves, and almost deserve what they get if they cannot, whereas an apple or a handkerchief is a thing much more sacred than human life and limb. This is a purely savage doctrine, and so far "the Law," as Mr. BUMBLE said, "is a Ass."

THE BELGIAN CRISIS.

THE King of the BELGIANS has probably taken the best course which was open to him for the moment in appointing a neutral or coalesced Ministry. It is understood that the arrangement is provisional, and that a fresh appeal will be as soon as possible made to the constituencies. It is unfortunately almost impossible that the result of a new election should be satisfactory or decisive. If the pendulum has swung to the other side since the contest of a few months ago, a new proof will have been given of the worthlessness of the electoral system established in Belgium. The long and uninterrupted predominance of the Liberal party was suddenly and completely overthrown by the return of an overwhelming Clerical majority; and although only half the Chamber was renewed, the trial of strength was for the time conclusive, if only the unsuccessful party was ready to accept its defeat. The *scrutin de liste*, which has happily not yet required an English name, reduces to absurdity the practice of government by popular election. Every voter is entitled and expected to support a long list of candidates

drawn up for him by the managers of his party. It is possible that one constituency may balance another; but each local body of electors returns candidates of precisely the same colour. At the late election, to the general surprise, Brussels itself, though it must be regarded as the Liberal head-quarters, returned Clerical representatives; and the leaders of the party immediately proceeded to legislate on the principles which they had maintained in opposition. They would have offended, and perhaps alienated, the great body of their supporters if they had not taken the opportunity of restoring to the clergy the control of elementary schools. Their education Bill, though it contained securities for religious freedom analogous to conscience clauses, was, as might have been expected, thoroughly obnoxious to the party which in Belgium, as in many parts of the Continent, assumes the name of "Liberal" on the ground of its hostility to the pretensions of the Roman Catholic clergy.

The agitation which has ensued threatens not only the cause of Clerical authority, but the whole fabric of the national monarchy and constitution. The characteristic fanaticism of religious and anti-religious factions displays itself in ostentatious disregard of the proper limits of the controversy. An ultra-Radical party has for the first time been created, or perhaps its existence has been disclosed; and the orthodox students of the University of Louvain are not ashamed to clamour for a Republic, because they doubt, probably with sufficient reason, the good will of the KING to the Clerical cause. The prosperity and freedom of Belgium during fifty years have been mainly secured by the comparative competency and independence of the constituent body. Even now the Radicals hesitate to raise a clamour for universal suffrage, because they are not certain that the mass of incapable citizens might not prefer the guidance of the priests to that of political demagogues. The Clerical brawlers who prattle about a Republic probably rely on a similar calculation. It is possible that in one, or at the most two, elections they might obtain a majority through their influence in the rural districts; but in every successive contest their adversaries would gain upon them. If the Clerical leaders had sufficient knowledge and sagacity to look across the border of the kingdom, their illusion would be effectually dispelled. A large section of the French clergy affected enthusiasm for the Republic of 1848, until circumstances required the transfer of their allegiance to NAPOLEON III. Down to the fall of the Empire the priests, and especially the rural clergy, were courted by the Government, which regarded them as the most efficient of its election agents; but the present Republic has found that it can with impunity defy their opposition, and reduce them to impotence and distress.

The inability of extreme Liberals in Belgium, as in other countries, to understand the conditions of constitutional freedom has been remarkably illustrated by the proposal that the KING should use his veto to defeat the new Education Bill. In this respect English practice appears to have been followed since the foundation of the kingdom. As long as the Liberals commanded a majority, they would have condemned the arbitrary use of the prerogative to overrule a grave Parliamentary decision. The infallibility of the electoral body, and by devolution of its elected representatives, must be supposed to be unaffected by a change of popular opinion. The KING in all probability regrets the temporary ascendancy of a party which, even when it happens to be in the right on a particular issue, is characteristically impracticable; but, like his father, he understands and applies the complicated doctrine of constitutional sovereignty which has been elaborated during a century in England. He must act by his Ministers; and they, in turn, must possess the confidence of the Parliamentary majority. It is only when there is reason to believe that the constituency is not in accord with its representatives that the Crown can prudently prepare for a dissolution. The new Belgian Ministry is said to include only two members of Parliamentary experience; and M. MALOU, leader of the Clerical party, with his most active adherents, has resigned his post. It has sometimes happened in England that a Government which was intended to serve as a stopgap has gradually acquired strength and enjoyed a long term of office; but those who understand Belgian politics believe that the KING has remodelled his Cabinet only as a temporary expedient.

There is some reason to believe that a reaction against the Clerical victory has already set in. The municipal elections, held not many days ago, have resulted in the success of the

Liberal candidates in the principal towns. It appears that in Belgium, as in England, local considerations of fitness for municipal office have become entirely subordinate to political distinctions; and, even where a more wholesome system prevails, politics naturally exercise unusual influence in times of excitement and conflict. The rural districts probably still retain their objection to secular education, and especially to the pecuniary burdens which it imposes; but if the municipal election fairly represents the opinion of Brussels, of Ghent, of Bruges, and of Mechlin, no legislation which is disapproved by the Liberal party can be permanently maintained. If the next Parliamentary contest produces a similar result, there is too much reason to fear that a Liberal triumph may produce intolerant and vindictive measures. It is rather to be wished than to be hoped that the conflict will confine itself to its original province of education. If the struggle becomes complicated with projects for extending the suffrage, a grave crisis in Belgian history is impending. The comparatively equal division of parties naturally tends to discourage the submission of either to a casual and perhaps insignificant majority. The temptation to resort to other modes of decision when Parliamentary votes are thought unsatisfactory may be fatal to Belgian order and freedom.

Moderate and thoughtful English politicians, in presence of imminent danger to the Constitution of their own country, might almost scruple to criticize the proceedings of friendly neighbours if Belgium were not exposed to one formidable risk from which England is at present exempt. No party in this country, unless the Irish Nationalists may be called a party, is likely to invoke foreign intervention in domestic disputes; but, if the Republican movement in Belgium acquires strength, disaffected Radicals will inevitably court the patronage of the same party in France. The independence of the kingdom was often threatened in the time of the French Empire by external diplomacy; but no party in Belgium, with the possible exception of the extreme section of the Roman Catholic priesthood, would then have concurred in schemes of annexation by France. NAPOLEON III. in his most ambitious moods might have hesitated to attempt an unprovoked conquest without the sympathy of some considerable part of the population. The French Jacobins would now be ready and willing to revive the proselytism of 1792. After the fall of LOUIS PHILIPPE, when half the Sovereigns of the Continent were trembling for their thrones, King LEOPOLD secured the confidence and loyalty of his subjects by formally announcing his willingness to retire if they had ceased to desire the continuance of his dynasty. The great majority of the Belgians of the present day would probably now reject any proposal for the substitution of a Republic for the Monarchy; but French sympathizers would not be content with a fair comparison of numbers. The danger of a Clerical appeal for foreign aid is no longer to be apprehended; but malcontent Radicals and Republicans may find in sacerdotal legislation an excuse for treason to liberty and their country. The establishment of universal suffrage would precipitate the catastrophe.

INDIA.

NO doubt the Government account it fortunate that "scares," as they would probably put it, are not so easily "got up" on the subject of India as on that of the navy. Otherwise they would find themselves just now with two panics on their hands at once. The public imagination, however, is naturally slower to be moved on the former matter than on the latter, and the facts are even more difficult to come by. It would not, therefore, be true to say that there is anything like so general and widespread an uneasiness on the one question as prevails on the other. Anxiety in the case of India has not yet perhaps even reached such a stratum of opinion as to entitle it to be termed "popular"; but it undoubtedly exists, and is even gaining rapid ground, we suspect, among that class of the community which lives in sufficiently constant contact with expert opinion on such matters to take an impress from it. Among this class there is a pretty general suspicion, founded partly, but not by any means wholly, on a review of the increasingly threatening condition of things on the North-West frontier, that the internal state of India is at this moment exceptionally disquieting to those whose business it is to watch it on the spot; and that they have, in fact, so reported upon it to the Government at home. The high-

water mark, as it may be called, of this suspicion, has been touched on by the articles which have recently appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*, and in one of which the Government have been urged to provide for the construction all over India of places of refuge to which Englishwomen and their children may flee on the first signs of military or popular insurrection. The unnamed authority from whom this advice proceeds goes on to enforce it in language of the utmost solemnity. The Government are most earnestly assured that there is no time to be lost; they are "implored" to act "ere it is too late"; for "no man knows when the 'storm will burst.'" Of language such as this from such a source there is, at least, one thing to be said; and that is that, if it be alarmism, it is not the alarmism of the amateur. It goes too far; it commits too deeply for that. No newspaper, it may be safely said, with any sort of character for judgment or discretion to lose could act "on 'its own hook" in making so startling a suggestion as that above referred to, still less in urging it in such terms as we have quoted. Any conductor of such a newspaper would, in mere self-protection, it is safe to say, require any specific counsels of this kind, and certainly their accompanying words of warning, to be vouched by the highest possible expert authority before admitting them to a place in its columns.

Among the better informed, moreover, of the readers of these warnings the mind had already been to a certain extent prepared for their attentive consideration. The exhaustive series of articles recently published in the *Times* on the native States of India must have opened the eyes of a good many people to a situation which they may perhaps feel a little ashamed of not having more thoroughly realized before. The result of a review of Feudatory India, which goes to show that a total population of 49,000,000, with a revenue of 17,140,000/., maintains armies amounting to 349,835 men and an artillery composed of 4,237 guns, is certainly calculated to give a shock even to those superior persons who pride themselves upon their immovable calmness in the presence of other people's dangers. From whatever point of view we survey this gigantic armament, whether we look at the modes of its accumulation, at the conditions of its existence, and at the ostensible purposes for which it is maintained, it is an unequally unsatisfactory object of contemplation. In the first place, it is clear that it has grown up under circumstances over which we have necessarily had no real control, and to that extent, therefore, in circumstances which raise no presumption of the safety of the existing state of things from the mere fact of its long-continued toleration. The native princes have, at earlier periods, received or acquired military privileges which, in the present development of the art of war, and if the instruments of warfare could have been foreseen, their Suzerain would never, save in exceptional cases, have granted to them. Apathetic neglect of the growth of their armaments may account for something; but, were it not that the continuance of peace and the increase of wealth have provided our feudatories with such ample opportunities of purchasing weapons, and invested them with such enlarged powers in comparison with their predecessors of engaging in warfare, and of inflicting mischief on each other and on the inhabitants of the rest of India, the situation would be far less disquieting than it is. It is not so much that the military rights of these princes have been permitted to grow in extent, as that they have naturally increased in value. The English Government is in the position of a man who has contracted many years ago to pay a fixed yearly sum in cash, and by an unforeseen depreciation of the coinage finds his contract telling ruinously against him. The fact, too, that these military rights are exerted to the uttermost is not susceptible of any really satisfactory explanation. The writer in the *Times* has no difficulty in showing the futility of the argument commonly alleged for the existence of the native armaments—namely, that they are necessary to provide the men of the native States with an occupation; for on this showing we should be driven to the unwelcome conclusion that our own native army is only one-tenth of what it ought to be. If less than 50 millions of people require 350,000 soldiers, not only to defend, but to provide them with a career, it necessarily follows that 200 millions of precisely the same people must require four times that number. Yet, instead of 350,000 men, we have little more than 100,000 natives; and these, it must be remembered, have not only to protect the aforesaid 50 millions, in common with the direct subjects of the English

Crown, against attack, but to prevent them from engaging in an internecine strife.

It would doubtless be a mistake to attribute anything like unity of motive to the native princes in maintaining the strength and improving the equipment of the various contingents whose numbers "foot up" to the above alarming total. Their motives probably vary as much as their ages, circumstances, and characters. With some of them very likely the dominant impulse is mere Oriental love of display; with others a scarcely less innocent fancy for militarism for its own sake—that taste for playing at soldiers by which enlightened Western rulers have before this been bitten. But it is hardly doubtful that the bulk of the native princes, and all the more important ones without exception, have been adding to and keeping up their military strength with a serious purpose; and there seem but two forms, neither of them at all agreeable to contemplate, which such a purpose could assume. The one is a desire to shake off the rule of England; the other distrust of the permanent power of England to maintain it. It is, of course, evident that the second of these motives has a continual tendency to transform itself into the first; but it is in reality almost as disquieting in its original shape, because it is one which operates independently of any concert between those who are subject to it, and indeed with greater force perhaps in proportion to their disunion. It is a common topic of reassurance in optimist reviews of the situation in India that the aggregate strength of the native armies need not be taken into account, for the reason that the hereditary jealousies of those who wield them are far too intense to admit of their combining in an attack on the British power. But the more ineffaceable these divisions the more anxiously would those princes who have ceased to believe in the perpetuity of British power persevere in strengthening themselves against the day when they will be left face to face with their rivals. Nor does it at all follow that, because these chiefs are incapable of the initiative of conspiracy, they would be incapable of common action under the incentive of an opportunity provided for them by others. To say that we need not fear their concerted an attack upon their Suzerain is not to say that we need not fear their joining each other in taking part in such an attack originating elsewhere. And this, of course, constitutes the real peril of the situation, viewed, as it always should be viewed, in connexion with the steady advance of Russia. We certainly cannot be surprised if the native princes have convinced themselves that sooner or later, and sooner perhaps rather than later, we shall have to contest with Russia the possession of India; and so long as the conviction holds, they will not willingly do anything to diminish such power as they possess for the protection of their interest in the *débâcle* which might ensue upon such a conflict. Nothing which we can now do perhaps would avail to remove the conviction in question altogether from their minds; but in the meantime it is certainly disquieting to reflect that those very external dangers which make the partial disarmament of the native States the more imperative, at the same time render such a step more invidious to propose, if not more difficult to enforce.

MR. MUNDELLA'S BOOMERANG.

THE great overpressure quarrel has reached the critical point which comes in the history of most public disputes. It is, so to speak, a toss-up whether it is going to end with being a newspaper duel between Dr. Crichton Browne and Mr. Fitch, or to lead to some practical good. As far as the merely personal aspects of the question are concerned, it has ended very satisfactorily already. Dr. Crichton Browne has proved his case. He has convinced everybody that there is overpressure in Board Schools, which was the great point, and he has utterly confuted the over-hasty persons who impugned his competence. Mr. Fitch's answers have not shaken the Doctor's main position in the least, and if they justify the tone of his own counter Report, it is at the expense of his own superiors. He is compelled to confess that Dr. Crichton Browne was properly empowered to examine the schools, and that he himself was left in ignorance of the fact. His answer to the charge of garbling his opponent's words is complete in a way. It appears that he never saw the Doctor's final Report, but only the uncorrected proof. This excuse clears him from the charge of deliberate unfairness, and most people will agree that Dr. Crichton Browne made a very full use of his

technical rights in omitting to say that the words quoted by Mr. FITCH stood in the original draft of the Report. This, however, by no means also clears the Education Department from the charge of unfairness. Mr. FITCH's commentary was published as an answer to Dr. Crichton Browne's final Report, and was intended to be so received by all the world. It was a curious freak of Mr. MUNDELLA's unexpected humour to leave Mr. FITCH to write on words which Dr. Crichton Browne had deliberately modified. There was a wicked wagery in laying such a trap which we had not been led to expect from the gravity of Mr. MUNDELLA. It helps to explain Mr. FITCH's conversion to a belief in the unwisdom of employing personalities. In his last contribution to the newspaper controversy Mr. FITCH declined "to follow Dr. BROWNE into the numerous 'personal questions which he has thought it right to discuss.'" It would have been better not to have given the provocation, and that also Mr. FITCH acknowledges by implication handsomely enough. "A controversy," he explains, "on such subjects as how I looked or what I said in private conversation six months ago must be 'very barren of public interest, and seems to me wholly irrelevant to the discussion of so grave and large a 'question as that of the health and education of the 'children in our schools.'" On these principles, Mr. FITCH should never have written his first Report in the tone he adopted. This is rather tardy wisdom, but it is wisdom; and a somewhat ungracious apology, but it is an apology. Now, perhaps, the Education Department will reflect on the folly of playing tricks on a writer who handles such a ready pen as Dr. Crichton Browne. The audience in general may reflect for its part with satisfaction that it is sometimes an excellent thing when rather dull people take it into their heads to try to be clever. If Dr. Crichton Browne's Report had been published by itself when it was first asked for in Parliament, it would not have received one-tenth of the attention given to it when it came out in the slack season with an official cracker attached to it. As we believe that it points out an abuse, this is a thing to be thankful for. As far as the matter goes, its course has been satisfactory. Dr. Crichton Browne has proved his case, new lights have dawned on Mr. FITCH as to the proper way of conducting controversies, and Mr. MUNDELLA's boomerang has come home with a vengeance.

As the field is now clear, it would seem that the time is come for getting a distinct statement from the Education Department as to whether it intends to do anything, and if so, what. The question is by no means superfluous, as everybody who is acquainted with the manners and customs of a Government office knows. If nothing more is done outside in the fond persuasion that the need has been proved, and that the officials may be trusted to find a remedy, the result of Dr. Crichton Browne's Report, and all that has been said for and against it, may be predicted without any pretension to prophecy. The dweller on the threshold of our Government offices, which is known as the System, will have its way, and by the end of next year everything will be going on in the Board schools as it was in the beginning. This mysterious being has held its ground in the War Office in spite of exorcisms, and unless some vigorous remedy is applied, it will have its way in the Education Department. Evidence that a remedy is needed has continued to come in since the controversy began. The London Board teachers, who, it was said, made fun of Dr. Crichton Browne and his Report, have written to thank him. Of course it is immediately pointed out that it is their interest to do less work for the same pay. As Board School teachers are undoubtedly human, this is very probable; but it is well not to forget that, as long as it was supposed their verdict would be on the other side, we were asked to reflect on their extraordinary zeal and intelligence. The obvious course is to consider their interests and their virtues together, and take their evidence for what it is worth when supported by independent testimony. It is certainly not unsupported. Medical men have lately reported on cases which have come under their notice to the effect that death has resulted from brain disease, caused or aggravated by overpressure at school. There is a stock answer ready in these cases. The boy or girl was weak, and so could not stand the strain. As the whole contention is that the system seems incapable of grasping the sufficiently simple proposition that what is good for healthy children is not equally good for weakly ones, the answer is rather beside the question. It may be doubted whether parents generally would appreciate the scientific truth that on the whole it is better for the world

to be weeded of the weaker human plants. If the doctrine were preached to the education zealots, which it very consistently might be, as a good reason for repealing the Factory Acts or not interfering with the discipline of fishing-smacks, we know the sort of answer that would be given. It would be surprising if the well-known case of CAIN and ABEL were not cited at once. Among other things, attention has lately been called to the uses of Board schools for the propagation of certain cutaneous diseases. One child suffering from some of them can give it to many; and there seems to be little or no effectual security against the danger. It is unquestionably very difficult to provide a proper security; but it is managed in private schools, and more or less in foundation charity schools; and, if the State chooses to take up the position of general parent in matters of education, it cannot pick out just the responsibilities it finds convenient to assume. Its choice is between all and nothing.

In fact, however, we know very well that there is no choice at all. The task has been undertaken, and, on the whole, properly undertaken, and it must be carried through. What remains now is to see how it is to be done; and, when the control is taken in hand, it will be found that there is more than overpressure to rectify. Nobody who gives the question a moment's consideration can fail to see that the difficulties are not only immense, but are increasing. The School Boards are only a few years old, and they are already suffering from abuses of more than one kind. In some respects they do too little, in others they do too much, and there is a rapidly-growing opinion that they spend too much. The ridiculous appointment of a Swedish gymnastic teacher at a lavish salary was an isolated piece of folly of the London School Board, but it is a fair warning of what we may expect from the fadmongers who have been allowed to take charge of the next generation. We have empowered authorities to see that everybody learns to read and write, and now it appears that some machinery must be found for keeping them from violating every principle of health and economy in their zeal to teach the use of the globes into the bargain. It is as natural, but useless, to complain as it is for the ratepayers to grumble when they are called upon for eightpence in the pound after being solemnly promised that they would never be called upon for more than threepence. Increase of trouble and of expense is the inevitable consequence of establishing new Government offices and fresh authorities empowered to impose taxes. Now they are there they must be kept within bounds, and we have an excellent opening at present for putting a check on them.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

THESE are few things about which greater misconceptions have been commonly entertained in our own times than the subject of training for athletic competitions. Throughout the first half of the present century the popular impression was that the régime in question consisted chiefly in devouring huge quantities of half-raw beef. Nine out of every ten men, and ninety-nine out of every hundred women, implicitly believed that a man in training meant a man nurtured for the time being upon hunks of half-cooked flesh, washed down with drinks which might perhaps be very moderate in quantity, but of prodigious potency. One-half of the horror with which well-bred ladies and well-conducted young people of all kinds looked upon the prize-fighter of that period arose from a rooted conviction that this was the diet upon which he habitually lived. Had it ever by any accident been the lot of any of these highly respectable people to assist at the one o'clock dinners of a savage gladiator of the prize ring, they would hardly have believed their own eyes when they saw the repast served up. The portion of well but not over-cooked joint, the white bread, and small supply of vegetables, the plain rice pudding, the glass of cold water, and one or two small glasses of port or sherry that did duty on those occasions, could not have failed to strike them as resembling accurately the very same midday meal which they were in the habit of setting before their own children by the doctor's orders. Nor would the early breakfast and tea of the fighting man have appeared to them to differ any more widely from their own, except that it was more frugal and more rigidly conformable to the ideal pattern sketched out by the family physician. As the real truth of the matter began to reveal itself through the mists of prejudice, and amateurs began more generally to train for boating and other races, the raw-beef theory, as it may be called, was gradually discredited. It is now probably exploded altogether, except in very remote and benighted circles, where it still fondly lingers in the minds of a few old maids and childless dowagers. But to the old-fashioned prejudices succeeded others not less hostile to physical training. The doctors for the most part set their faces steadfastly against it.

Nor should they be too lightly blamed for doing so. If all men habitually "trained" there would be little work for the medical men to do except in cases of epidemic disease or amongst old and constitutionally infirm folk. The view taken by the doctors, and by timid parents also, was that the task of preparation for a race involved "too great a strain" upon the bodily powers. That a young man should walk many miles a day, should run or row almost daily for three weeks or more at the top of his speed, appeared to them monstrous and unnatural. Then when it was credibly declared that these young men, not content with running or rowing themselves into a profuse perspiration, went and straightway plunged themselves bodily into cold water, the horror of the learned and the unlearned was equally unbounded. Visions of rheumatic fever, erysipelas, and congested lungs rose freely to their minds; and many a fond mother, sending her son to Oxford or Cambridge, shuddered with apprehension lest he should go in for "that horrid training," and so be brought to an untimely end. Even if he escaped actual death, still the "strain upon his constitution" would leave him enfeebled for life, his bodily strength undermined by some insidious malady, and his mental powers dwarfed by the undue development of muscular vigour. We still meet with many estimable men, both in the medical profession and outside it, who profess these same opinions; and we shall meet with them until long experience has shown how very little they know of the matter.

The fact is, of course, that physical training, when properly understood and applied, is nothing more nor less than the practical pursuit of bodily health. The body, like other complicated machines, can only be worked at high pressure when all its parts are in perfect working order. It may be overstrained, no doubt, and injured by over-exertion; but, when it is so, the reason is that the course of preparation has been insufficient or unwise. Wrong principles of training have often been applied, and the result has been prejudicial to the persons experimented upon. But to say that bodily weakness or illness is commonly caused by bodily training is very much like saying that a man is generally made stupid by learning. However, in such matters as this a single illustration is often worth a book full of arguments; and in this particular case we happen to have plenty of illustrations ready to hand. The training of horses is more severe, and begins earlier in their life, than that of any men. It is, however, to all intents and purposes a similar system. Does it impair their health or shorten their lives? We know, on the contrary, that thoroughbred horses which have raced and won good races live on an average fully as long as those which have not, and also, while alive, look every bit as well and healthy. There are, however, other tests besides mere long life and outward appearance. If the constitution of a racehorse were injured, even slightly, the effect would be certain to show itself in the offspring. But we find, as a fact, that the animals which have been most severely trained and have won the most fatiguing races are the ancestors of those foals which fetch the highest price and win the most valuable prizes. So much for the quadrupeds which are most commonly trained, and in the manner most like that applied to human beings. And the same rule holds good as to greyhounds and other creatures treated in a somewhat similar way. But then, of course, there are people who refuse to admit the almost obvious analogy between them and our own species. For these sceptics there are beginning to be more and more convincing proofs taken from biological records. An attempt was at one time made to show that men who had rowed in University boat-races were usually short-lived. But the design broke down ignominiously; and now at most boat-race dinners, and notably at the one held this spring, statistics have been quoted proving uncontestedly what excellent health most old University oarsmen enjoy to a great age. Three such "old blues," who are now on the judicial bench as members of the superior Courts, constitute in themselves a striking proof that neither this very trying race nor the equally trying preparation for it does any damage to the bodily frame or the highest mental powers. Then, if we look at the evidence supplied by the argument of hereditary transmission, there is a most remarkable instance to refute the opponents of training. An amateur champion of the Thames, who quite lately has won that honour many times in succession, is the son of a sculler who himself carried off the same much-contested trophy. Examples might easily be multiplied even now; but we must wait some years before their true value can be estimated. For it must be remembered that men who are now old, or who have sons of an age to compete in athletic contests, were themselves young men in an age when athleticism was in its infancy in England. The whole host of contests for which men now most commonly train—the running and walking races, the boxing, and various others—have sprung into existence within the last twenty-five years. Those who engage in them are therefore not past middle age. It is too early to say whether as a rule they will attain the normal limit of man's life or not. But, unless appearances are very deceptive, they are mostly robust enough at present; and in a few years we shall begin to see whether their children are weakly and ailing creatures or the reverse. In the meantime we may most fairly argue from the biological results given by boating, which was thirty years ago almost the only recognized competitive exercise for gentlemen.

In making the above observations we have rather taken for granted the much too broad assumption that amateurs train them-

selves according to the safest and best rules for attaining the object they have in hand. But, speaking practically, this is a long way from the truth, and was very much further still from it twenty or thirty years ago. It is only necessary to look at an old book of "Rules for Training" to see how absurd were many of the theories then prevailing. "Physicking" alone was prescribed to an extent which would now be thought almost ruinous to the most robust constitution. The task of daily exercises was swollen by a list of herculean labours which would overtax most of our modern athletes; and the diet was circumscribed by ruthlessly cutting off many articles now admitted to be perfectly harmless. Other mistakes were made which it would be tedious to mention; and these were mostly aggravated in the frequent cases where men matched themselves to fight, or engaged themselves to ride, under a certain weight. The "getting down" to this fixed limit of weight must always be a rather painful process; but in the old-fashioned days it involved unnecessary distresses. Accordingly, even amongst professionals, it was then very common to see men brought into the ring or to the starting-post looking "too fine," as it is called—that is to say, with a loss of muscle and stamina by reason of too severe preparation. There has been of late some reason to believe that in the case of racehorses the same mistake is more often committed than most people suppose; for it is clear that the four or five days' rest given to Harvester before the Derby did that colt little if any harm; and some of the wise men of the turf declare that he ran a better horse by reason of it than he would if his regular course of exercise had been continued. At any rate, it is certain that when amateurs began to take up the practice of training they fell very commonly into the fault of overdoing the thing, and so not only "trained off" and did themselves an injustice in the match they had in hand, but also inflicted some injury more or less permanent upon their constitution. This was the result of an abuse, and not of the proper use, of training; so that any examples which may be found of men who suffered from its effects more than twenty years ago can hardly be quoted as fair proofs against the system when properly understood. In despite, however, of all mistakes then made, the main principles of the art of training have remained and must always remain nearly the same. They should be divided into two classes; one including those expedients which are intended to get rid of imperfections in the bodily frame, and the other having to do with the development of its powers. In the first of these a prominent place was formerly given to medicine, which was taken freely, as well as vapour baths and other artificial means for reducing the wretched operated upon. Such drastic and violent remedies are now almost abandoned, and the patient is relieved of his extra weight by the more natural process of perspiration induced by exercise. Professionals, who usually put on a good deal of superfluous flesh when out of training, are accustomed to do this work of "thinning" themselves very early in their course of preparation, and effect it by walking or running considerable distances with warm clothing on them. Amateurs, on the other hand, do little of this work, especially at the Universities, where perspiration and the consequent loss of flesh are only a sort of accidental adjunct of exercise. But in both cases, during all the latter part of training, the two things go together; and with them goes the practice of bathing in cold water after each bout of hard exercise. The cold bath is at once the most invigorating and the most enjoyable luxury enjoyed by the man in training; and no one who has not undergone that *régime* can fully appreciate its delights. In the other department of the trainer's art, which has to do with supplying the force to work the human machine, three things have to be considered. First, sleep, which gives Nature time to exercise her grand renovating power. A man in training wakes up in the morning heavier than he was when he went to sleep. And he should be secure in his enjoyment of a night's rest of from seven to eight hours, for which, if his day's exercise has been properly arranged, he will need no sleeping draught. Food is the next thing; and here there is nothing in the modern trainer's book of rules which is contrary either to good sense or to the doctor's precepts. The most nutritious substances are *prima facie* the best, when the trained man has a sufficiently robust appetite to keep to them. But nothing is more variable than the appetite of men in training; and many amateurs must be tempted by delicacies which it would be absurd to allow to professionals. Moreover, the due proportion of animal and vegetable food suitable to each individual ought to be kept up; and light dishes admitted as well as those which are the best makers of nerve and muscle. As for the quantity of food taken, it is regulated partly by the man's appetite, but much more often, especially in the case of men who are limited to particular weight, by the allowance of drink. A fighting man or jockey often gets up from his meal with a very good appetite indeed, and perhaps with a rather wistful look at the joint before him or his trainer. Why does he not eat more? No law forbids him; he may take as much as he wants. But he knows by bitter experience that a few morsels more would induce a raging thirst; and, having swallowed his modicum of wine, water, tea, or beer, he abstains from more solids for fear of that dryness in the mouth and throat which is the great bane of the trained man. It is a very similar matter in the case of tobacco. "Do you not greatly miss your smoking?" asks the unsophisticated inquirer of a friend who trains hard for races. Now the idea of smoking to a man who is really hard trained would be almost as absurd as that of putting ashes in his mouth. Thirst is the enemy he chiefly

dreads; and if he can smoke a pipe with gratification be sure that he is a long way from understanding what is the real meaning of training.

The chief differences between the life of a man who is in training and that of one who is not may therefore be thus summed up. The former observes regular hours; he has enough sleep, and not too much. He eats easily-digested foods, and as much of them as he likes, or rather as much of them as his limited allowance of drink will wash down. For this allowance it is essential to limit. Otherwise the process of reduction carried out one day would be nullified on the next, and the body remain encumbered almost as much as ever by superfluous fat. Then the training man takes plenty of regular and moderate exercise, and from time to time he makes special efforts, at the top of his speed, or nearly so, over the distance which he is to accomplish in the race. This practice not only strengthens and fits the muscles for the particular work to be required of them, but also gives the man a knowledge of "pace" which is exceedingly important, showing him what sort of speed he can safely start with and keep up, and what he can count upon as a reserve at the finish. The perfection of the trainer's art is, of course, to have his charge ready just before the day of the race; not too late, because obviously that would give him less than his fair chance; and not too early, for then comes in the still more grievous danger—to which the Oxford crew succumbed this year—of becoming "stale" and "training off." When a man is properly trained he is capable, as regards his own distance, of "running himself clean out"—that is to say, exerting the whole strength with which nature and practice have supplied him. The effect is severe and exhausting at the time; for, in fact, it is only limited by the exhaustion it entails. But the body skilfully prepared suffers no more injury from this effort than a clock which is made to go for twenty-four hours does when it arrives at the end of the twenty-fourth hour. Instead, therefore, of saying that training overtaxes the frame, it would be much more true to say that it enables the frame to undertake with impunity tasks which otherwise might fatally overtax it. And for every one man who has shortened his life by training there could probably be found a hundred at least who would have lived longer if they had paid more attention to the trainer's maxims.

A WEEK OF ODDITIES.

"A H! we are moving now," said Mr. Wardle to Mr. Pickwick on a celebrated occasion; and it is recorded that Mr. Pickwick could not deny the fact, if only because of the extremely unpleasant sensations which he experienced from the movement. It is probable that most people who have read their newspapers attentively will admit that we are moving also in politics, though here, also, the signs and tokens are not wholly, or even chiefly, agreeable. There is, to begin with, the remarkable outburst of zoological rhetoric with which Parliament has been regaled. "Jackal," "hyena," "badger," these are the strictly Parliamentary compliments—warranted by the highest authority, the Speaker—which have been exchanged between eminent persons during the last ten days. Mr. Peel's opinion has not yet been taken on the Parliamentariness of "chattering, clattering, brimstone pig," or of "most unmitigated viper," or even of that shorter and monosyllabic term designating an animal habitually reviled and slandered, but which (if Mr. Michael Davitt will accept the correction) is not supposed to traverse the *pons asinorum*, but to stick at that *pons*. But we are pretty well as we are; and, at any rate, we keep moving. What with "jackal" and "hyena" flying about inside the walls of Parliament, and interchanged threats (of which more hereafter) to horsewhip one member of Parliament and tar-and-feather another, we are moving very considerably.

The badger incident is not least memorable for having led Mr. John Morley into a singular error. Mr. Morley, speaking at Birmingham *ad majorem Camerarii gloriam* (slack and well a day!) that the author of *Diderot* and the *Encyclopædist* should have come to play the part of Wagg-and-Wenham in one to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's Lord Steyne), was finely satirical on Lord Randolph Churchill. A "diminutive assailant," says Mr. Morley, "will do what he can to draw the wariest, the toughest, and the most powerful badger known to me." We pass by Mr. Morley's estimate of Mr. Chamberlain considered as a badger, but his views of badger-drawing in general indicate a certain want of familiarity with that sport. When Mr. Morley was at Lincoln, perhaps that college did not keep a badger, an agreeable member of academical society, who is not unknown at some other homes of learning, though he does not appear on the college books. The usual college badger lives in St. Clement's, or some other retired suburb of Oxford, is on close, if not exactly friendly, terms of acquaintance with all the dogs of the college, and is much visited of an afternoon, especially of a Sunday afternoon. His existence is laborious, even painful, but, strange to say, does not appear to be altogether unpleasant to him. A study of it, much more of the wild and retiring inmate of earths, would convince Mr. Morley that it is not safe to bet against the dog because he is smaller than the badger. We fear—we greatly fear—that his inconsiderate phrase is of evil omen to the hero of an unpublished ballad worthy to rank with the best in Professor Child's delightful volumes.

It was Joseph and his Brethren,
They played at the black ba'.

are the first two lines of that ballad, but we have no permission to quote any more from the author of it.

The badgers and the jackals, however, of Parliamentary debate are mild expressions of opinion compared with the threats and counter-threats which the fiery men of Birmingham are exchanging *d'après* of Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain. It is now some time since it was reported that certain working-men of Birmingham, jealous of the honour of their Caucus-Corporation, and grateful (the term will suit all parties) for benefits received from it, had sworn a solemn oath to horsewhip Lord Randolph. Some people add Colonel Burnaby; but, from some knowledge of the Radical working-man, we incline to doubt this addition. He might possibly have designs on Lord Randolph, who, undoubtedly as is his pluck, is known to be a small man in weak health; but Colonel Burnaby is not exactly to be thus described, and might give his horsewhippers some lively moments. However this may be, the intention was solemnly announced, solemnly denied, and has, it appears, been solemnly reasserted by no less an organ of robust provincial Liberalism than the *Liverpool Daily Post*. These pretty little promises naturally incite others; and now we hear that the Birmingham Tories—who are not few, and, though they were caught napping on the day of Aston, are by no means unwilling to show fight—have sworn a counter-oath, by oak and ash and thorn, to convert Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain into tarry and plump bipeds should any harm befall Lord Randolph. The imagination shudders at the idea of Mr. Chamberlain thus realizing Mr. Tenniel's picture of him as a duckling—at the notion of the most tremendous badger of Mr. Morley's acquaintance exchanging his formidable bristles for dishonourable down. But, dismissing this picture with an effort, it is well to return to the consideration of the agreeable progress which some months of demonstrating have wrought in English political manners. A little more of it, and we shall have Englishmen singing

And it isn't very often he comes back to tell the tale,

When they ride him on the rail; when they ride him on the rail,
and so forth. Seriously, Mr. Morley may be asked whether we are not paying rather dearly for his powerful badger's little infirmities of speech and temper, and for the virtuous wrath of the Birmingham Caucus. This is not less "igstrawinary," though much less respectable, than another oddity of the week—the wrath of Cardinal Newman with Lord Malmesbury. Why the Cardinal should have been so angry with Lord Malmesbury for mentioning, with good-humoured contrition, some sixty years' old misdemeanours of which Mr. Newman, as he then was, was or was not the victim, in common with a considerable number of shy tutors at lively colleges, is very difficult to say. Perhaps, as he has long lived in the vicinity of Birmingham, the impetuous temper of that robustious town has affected him also.

On the whole, we are disposed to regret these manifestations and consequences of the perfervidity of Birmingham. The proper standard of measurement for such things was long ago formulated by Lamb in reference to a wholly reprehensible method of killing pigs. No doubt there are some people who might like to see Lord Randolph Churchill horsewhipped; it is even possible that there are some to whom the idea of Mr. Chamberlain "all plaided and plumed in a magpie array" of black pitch and of white feathers, presents itself in an aspect quite different to that in which it ought to present itself. But after allowing the fullest weight to the amount of enjoyment added to the sum of human pleasures in each case, we really do think that the inconveniences of the proceeding bear down the scale. The interruption to business which would arise from the horsewhipping and the feathering of all popular politicians by their adversaries would be very considerable, and the stimulus to the trade of the horsewhip-makers and *plumassiers* would by no means make up for it. The total effect on the national manners would not be good, and the argumentative results of each process would be singularly difficult to sum up. Besides it is open to anybody to contend that the tastes which have been hinted at as likely to be satisfied by horsewhipping and tar-and-feathering ought not to be consulted. Tastes, we know, are very peculiar. For instance, Mr. Thorold Rogers has just told us that he thinks on the whole better of Sodom and Gomorrah than of the House of Lords. The estimate affords room for a moderately neat retort to the effect that we on our part do not think better of Sodom and Gomorrah than of the Birmingham Corporation, or of that party in the House of Commons to which Mr. Rogers belongs. But still it is a perhaps regrettable instance of the lengths to which excessive allowance for personal inclinations would lead us.

The worst of the jackal and badger style of argument is that it has a distinct tendency to lead to the horsewhip and pitch-kettle argument, while it is in itself exposed to the charge that it is inelegant and inconclusive. It seems, however, to be very popular, for there is quite a lively controversy going on as to whether Lord Randolph Churchill called Mr. Gladstone an unkennelled cur or an unkennelled fox. These appellations are picturesque, but both, perhaps, a little provocative. When the commoner examples are exhausted, there may be expected to be a run on the Zoological Gardens and on the works of Mr. Wood for recondite beasts, with whose names to wing and urge what a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* calls the "dialectical whirlwind." Which, by the way, is an excellent example of word-blundering. The *Fortnightly Reviewer* has evidently forgotten the *memoria technica* line as to the *trivium*.

Gram. loquitur: *Die* vera docet: *Rhet* verba colorat.

Now *verba colorat* is excellently applicable to Mr. Gladstone; but *vera docet* not exactly so. Besides, the particular speech which the reviewer refers to, the outburst of simulated indignation against Sir Stafford Northcote, had about as much colour and as little truth as any that was ever pronounced in either House of Parliament. But, for our parts, we like a man who talks about Mr. Gladstone's dialectical whirlwind better than one who calls his Parliamentary antagonists jackals and hyenas and King's Armies. It sets off the conversation nearly as well, it is much more polite, and there is not the slightest danger of its leading to horsewhips and pitch-kettles. Besides, there is no knowing where the new practice will stop. All prominent politicians will soon have been called all possible beast-names, and it will then be necessary to go back, Eastern fashion, to their parents and ancestors. It is even possible that in course of time Mr. Chamberlain's sainted Nonconformist forbear will be brought into requisition for this purpose, just as it is already dubious whether some people hate "Jack of Marlborough" most for having fought England's battles, for having had a good deal of English and other money, or for having been in some degree responsible for the existence of Lord Randolph Churchill. Thus we are within measurable distance of the language and manners of an Oriental camel-driver, which is not as it should be. Mr. John Morley has even advanced from the animal to the vegetable kingdom, and after calling Lord Randolph a terrier or *dachshund* (and very good thing too) has called him a bramble. This the Birmingham Conservatives, if they are wise, will catch up promptly and sing "The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble." Does Mr. Morley remember a certain passage in that pleasant song

But both may catch
An awkward scratch
If they ride among the bramble?

Or has he forgotten all his good literature now that he has taken to bad politics? So easy is it to twist these metaphors either way, and that is an additional reason for desiring that they may not figure among another week's oddities.

THE ATLANTIC PASSAGE.

THERE is a well-known story of a traveller by one of the leading Atlantic Steamship Companies who asked the bedroom steward for an extra towel. "Can't have another towel, sir," was the answer, "but we never lost a life on this line." The reputation for safety which the Company in question enjoyed enabled it for a long period to neglect arrangements for the convenience of passengers which other Companies had been forced to adopt. Much as all the great lines have changed for the better of late years, there is still room for a good deal of legitimate, and occasion for a good deal of illegitimate, complaint. There remain grievances which a reasonable attention on the part of the Companies to the needs of passengers would remove, though these must not be confounded, as they often are, with the discomforts incidental at the best to the Atlantic passage. Many letters have of late appeared in the papers with regard to the evils which a voyage to the United States involves. It is conceded, first, that the food supplied on board is bad; secondly, that passengers ought to have the option of taking their meals at such times as suit them, and not, as now, at the same hour and at a common table; and thirdly, that much time is wasted by taking up and putting down the mails on the Irish coast. The question of the quality of the food is one which we discussed in a former article. Undoubtedly it is often bad, as well as badly cooked; though there are certain considerations which may be pleaded in explanation, or attenuation, of the fact. It must be borne in mind that Americans, who still form the bulk of saloon passengers on the Atlantic steamers, at one time formed the immense majority. It is no offence to that great nation to say that the art of dining is still, notwithstanding eminent exceptions, most imperfectly known among them. A generation ago such exceptions were still fewer and farther between. The Companies have naturally catered for the majority of their customers; and the majority has been uncritical. Whoever has dined at the average middling American hotel will recognize the fact that the change from the food there supplied to steamer fare is by no means a change for the worse. A Company can plead, and with truth, that it gives the bulk of its passengers better food afloat than they would find in one of their own hotels ashore. That there is still plenty of room for improvement may be granted; but the foregoing consideration has to be taken into account. It should, furthermore, be borne in mind that persons who are sea-sick or squeamish, as are a good proportion of all passengers, are by no means fair judges of the cookery they get on board. The sight or smell or mention of any ordinary dish simply increases their malady; and the spectacle of their more fortunate fellow-travellers eating with hearty satisfaction the food set before them has by no means the effect of soothing their ill-humour. The dishes they accordingly pronounce to be abominable, and those who eat them to be gross feeders. The savage temper which sea-sickness can generate in an ill-conditioned person is known to everybody who has been with a shipful of fellow-travellers on a voyage of any length. To such a one, when he gets on shore, a letter to the papers is some compensation for the enjoyment with which other people have taken their meals. But, apart from the quality of the food on board Atlantic steamers,

it is further urged that the present system, by which passengers take their meals together at stated times, should be put an end to, and that they should be free to have them when they please, and to select what dishes they like. The food, on this system, would, like the wines consumed, be paid for separately; and the price of the ticket, which now includes meals, be proportionately reduced. There would undoubtedly be conveniences in this system, could it be worked; but there is one inevitable drawback to it. At present the saloon of the large steamers is, during the intervals between meals, used as a room for reading, writing, and conversation. In bad weather, when it is impossible to remain on deck, and when the smaller room set apart for these purposes is overcrowded, it would be inconvenient, if not intolerable, to have meals perpetually going on in the saloon. The comfort of the majority is the first thing to be considered; and, in arranging meals on board ship, it is those who are well and can eat, not those who are sick and cannot, whose needs must have precedence. The class between the two—those who are disgusted by the fare provided at the usual *table-d'hôte* dinner, but who could eat a dainty cutlet apart with a friend—can hardly claim that an arrangement convenient to the general bulk of passengers should be revolutionized to meet their private fancies. We have assumed, moreover, what is far from being certain—namely, that the proposed arrangement is feasible. It is at any rate certain that both the space for cooking purposes and the staff of stewards must be largely increased if the *restaurant* system on board crowded vessels is to work efficiently. When only a few persons happen to be on board, this objection would not arise, at least to the same extent.

Complaints on these subjects are, however, often the work of professional grumblers. If meals were now to be had at all hours and at separate tables, the same persons would write letters to the papers to urge that, but for the greed and stupidity of the Companies, the *table-d'hôte* system would be at once introduced. A grievance is to some people what a favourite dog or cat is to others; and the former feel as forlorn when the grievance is redressed as the latter do when the domestic pet is stolen. A most reasonable complaint has, however, been made as to the needless delay which often, and indeed habitually, occurs in waiting for the mails at Queenstown. The steamer leaves Liverpool say at noon on a Saturday; it often, in fact, starts earlier in the day. If a fast ship, it arrives at Queenstown at two or three o'clock on the Sunday morning, and has then to wait more than twelve hours till the mails from London, which leave on the Saturday evening, are put on board. It is clear, as various complainants in the *Times* say, that this system is out of date. Before long a week will be reckoned as the average length of the passage between Liverpool and New York, and it is probable that, before many years are over, the time will be reduced to six, or even five, days. The hours wasted at Queenstown will thus form an increasing proportion to the total length of the voyage. The busy man to whom hours are precious, and the victim of sea-sickness, to whom every half-day on board is so much misery, are both interested in getting through the journey without any unnecessary delay. There is no reason why a tidal mail-train from London should not be timed to catch the steamer at Liverpool, and why the calling at Queenstown for those who take the southern and at Moville for those who take the northern route should not be abandoned altogether. At New York the mails are made up to the hour at which the tide compels the boats to leave, and thus no delay occurs. The needless waste of time takes place on this, not on the other, side of the Atlantic. On the return voyage, again, there is a delay, not for passengers, but for the mails at Queenstown. The letters are landed quickly, and the vessel goes on to Liverpool; but, as there are daily only two mail trains from Queenstown to Dublin, and these start at fixed times, the bags may lie for hours before they are despatched. In such cases the mails would reach London much earlier if the vessel went straight to Liverpool without touching at Queenstown at all, and if they were thence forwarded by special train to London; or, better still, if the steamer touched at Holyhead instead of Queenstown, and landed the mails there. In either case, special, and not, as now, fixed, express trains would meet the steamers, and convey the mails to their destination. No doubt an outcry would be raised in Ireland if the proposed reforms were carried out. But the fast Atlantic steamers take on board and disembark a comparatively trifling number of passengers and amount of freight at Queenstown, and the Irish grievance would be only a sentimental one. The main traffic goes to England. The legitimate needs of Irish traffic would be met if only a certain number, and these the slowest, of the Atlantic steamers touched at Queenstown on their way to and from America. The same applies to the northern route to Quebec by way of Moville. The rapid development of British North America will soon make speedy communication between it and the mother-country as important as between England and the United States. At present the mail steamers of the Allan Line, which often leave Liverpool early on the Thursday morning, have to wait for hours off Moville till the mails arrive from Londonderry. The advantage which a traveller hopes to gain by taking his passage on board a fast vessel like the *Parisian* may thus be neutralized by a wholly unnecessary detention in Lough Foyle. In this case, again, a tidal express from London to Liverpool should be timed to put the mails on board in the Mersey half an hour before the vessel sails. The Atlantic traffic is now evidently requiring more and more two different classes of vessels—one, in which great speed and ample and convenient accommodation for passengers is the main

object, and the carriage of freight is of secondary importance; and the other in which the reverse is the case. A delay of two or three days in the delivery of most kinds of goods is seldom of any importance; and the majority of those who cross the Atlantic, especially among the emigrant class, prefer a slower voyage to higher fares. But, as before said, the advantage of the new and fast vessels is partly thrown away by the stoppage in Ireland. The agents of the North German Lloyd announce that the vessels of that company, which leave Southampton on Thursday evening, always arrive in New York earlier, sometimes by one or two days, than the mail steamers which leave Liverpool on the same day. It is curious that this line is not more widely used by Englishmen, the more so as it has the reputation of providing better food than the majority of the Atlantic lines. Much undoubtedly remains to be done before the Atlantic voyage is made as comfortable or as little uncomfortable as it should be; and the public discussion which has lately taken place on the subject cannot be regarded as inopportune.

WILLIAM SMITH AND WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

IN the year 1856 Lord Ellesmere, then President of the Shakespeare Society, received one day a little pamphlet bearing the at that time astounding title, "Was Lord Bacon the author of Shakespeare's Plays?" The writer's name was Smith. Mr. William Henry Smith, of 76 Harley Street, writer on Shakespeare, is the style he goes by in the Catalogue of the British Museum, to distinguish him from others of the name, whose works fill no less than eight volumes of that Catalogue, and have a special index all to themselves, thereby nobly confirming the truth of our Mr. Smith's answer to some irreverent critics who had jested on his patronym, that it was "a name which some wise and many worthy men have borne—which, though not unique, is perfectly genteel." What Lord Ellesmere, either in his presidential or merely human capacity, thought of the pamphlet, we do not know; but Lord Palmerston (who had passed the threescore years then) is said to have declared himself convinced by it, though he is also said to have added that he cared not a jot who the author of the plays might have been provided he was an Englishman. By some of his critics poor Mr. Smith was very roughly handled, and what seems to have galled him most was an insinuation by Nathaniel Hawthorne (then at Liverpool as American Consul) that he had merely taken for his own the ideas of Miss Delia Bacon, whose book was not published till the year after Mr. Smith's pamphlet, but of whose speculations some rumours had before that come "across the Atlantic wave." This Mr. Smith (in his next publication, *Bacon and Shakespeare: an Inquiry touching Players, Playhouses, and Play-writers in the Days of Elizabeth, 1587*) most emphatically denied. He had never heard the name of Miss Bacon till he saw it in a review of his pamphlet; he could not for a long while find what or where she had written, and when he did so the alleged insinuation seemed to him too preposterous to be worth notice. Out of courtesy to Mr. Hawthorne, however, he made his denial public; Mr. Hawthorne returned the courtesy of acceptance, and so this part of the great Baconian controversy slept in peace. In 1866 appeared in New York a book called *The Authorship of Shakespeare*, the work of a Mr. Nathaniel Holmes, which so enchanted Mr. Smith that he vowed "Providence had provided exactly the champion the cause required," and that for him it remained only "to retire to the rear of this unexpected American contingent" and to "make himself useful in the commissariat department." This American book had, among its other striking merits, this unique one—of being such that no man could possibly quarrel with it. "If argument," says Mr. Smith, "is ever to outweigh preconception and prejudice, the preponderance can only be in one direction"—perhaps the only judgment ever formulated by mortal man which it would be literally impossible to traverse. In this rearward position Mr. Smith modestly abode for eighteen years; but now—"now that the triumph seems so near at hand, we cannot resist coming to the front to congratulate those that have fought the battle upon their success, and, we candidly own, to show ourselves as a veteran who has survived the campaign, and is ready to give an honest account of the stores which still remain on his hands." This congratulation and these stores may be read and seen in another little pamphlet just published by Mr. Smith, and to be bought at Mr. Skeffington's shop in Piccadilly.

It is in no spirit of cavil or disparagement that we overhaul those stores, but solely out of curiosity. We have read Mr. Smith's last pamphlet, and read again his two earlier ones, with the most lively interest and amusement. Indeed, we have never, for our part, been able to see the necessity for that "lyric fury" into which some of Mr. Smith's opponents have lashed themselves. His theory has amused thousands of readers—readers of Bacon (both Francis and Delia), of Shakespeare, and of Mr. Smith; it has harmed nobody; it has added fresh lustre to the memories of two great men. Surely, then, we should do ill to be angry, and to be angry with one so courteous and good-humoured as Mr. Smith would be a twofold impossibility. Moreover, we have always felt that there was a great deal to be said for the theory that Francis Bacon wrote the plays printed under the name of William Shakespeare, just as there is a great deal to be said for the converse of the theory, or for any other speculation with which the restless mind of man chooses for the moment to concern itself. After a certain lapse of years there can be no proof positive,

no mathematical proof, that any man did or did not write anything. The mere fact of a work having gone for any length of time under such or such a name *proves* nothing; that the manuscript is confessedly in a particular man's handwriting, or the undisputed receipt of a manuscript from a particular man, really, when one comes to consider it, *proves* nothing, so far as authorship is concerned. Take the excellent ballad of "Kafoozleum," for instance. That, like Shakespeare's plays, was known and popular before it was printed; like those, it was printed anonymously; no manuscript of it is known to exist; the authorship is unknown. A hundred years hence who will be able to *prove* it was not written by Lord Tennyson, let us say? One line in it runs, "A sound there falls from ruined walls." Why should not some speculative Smith a hundred years hence point to this line as proof conclusive that it must be the work of him who wrote, "The splendour falls on castle walls"? The parallel would be at least incomparably closer than any of those as yet found in the undisputed writings of Bacon and the alleged writings of Shakespeare. Let this be, however; we are not now concerned with any attempt to destroy Mr. Smith's theory, for which, we repeat, we still feel, as we have always felt, there is very much to be said—very much to be said, of course, on both sides; the puzzle is how very little Mr. Smith, and those about him, have found to say on their side.

And, in truth, little as Mr. Smith had found to say in 1856–57, he has found still less to add now in 1884. His "stores" are still very scanty. He has, indeed, satisfied himself (he had "an intuitive idea" of it in 1856) that Shakespeare could neither read nor write, beyond scrawling most illegibly his own name (the reading he passes by), and curiously enough on the evidence, or rather hypothesis, of another Smith, one William James! But, of course, as no scrap of Shakespeare's handwriting is known to exist beyond six signatures, all tolerably like each other, this hypothesis cannot stand for very much. Yet really this is the only fresh "fact" Mr. Smith has added to his stores in all these seven-and-twenty years. He recapitulates his old "facts," and, we must add, some of his old blunders, when he says "there is no record of his having been in any way connected with literature until the year 1600," forgetful of the mention of Shakespeare's name as author of *The Rape of Lucrece*, in the prelude to Willibee's *Avisa* (1594), the marginal reference to the same work in Clarke's *Polimanteia* (1595), and the long catalogue of the works then attributed to Shakespeare, as well as the very high praise given to him and them, in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. The allusions in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit* and Chettle's *Kind-Harts Dreams* we put by as hypotheses merely; but how curious it is to find the champions of this theory so strangely ignorant, or careless of facts familiar, we will not say to every student of Shakespeare's writings, because the word student in connexion with those works has come to have a rather distasteful sound in these Alexandrian days, but to every one who has ever had any curiosity about the man to whom these marvellous works are commonly attributed. Nor is this knowledge within the reach only of those who have money, leisure, or learning. Any one who is able to procure a ticket of admission to the Reading-Room of the British Museum may get it at first hand for himself; numberless books exist any one of which at the cost of a few shillings will furnish him with it at second-hand. We remember to have been much struck last year, when turning over the leaves of Mrs. Pott's edition of the *Promus*, with many proofs of the same ignorance of what one may call the very alphabet of the subject. Coleridge, as we all know now, blundered much in the same way in his lectures on Shakespeare; but our knowledge both of the poet and his times has very greatly increased since Coleridge lectured. Mr. Smith and Mrs. Pott cannot now soothe themselves with the thought that it is better to err with Coleridge than to shine with Mr. Halliwell-Phillips or Mr. Furnivall; they have only themselves to blame if the world declines to take seriously a theory which its champions have been at so little serious pains to examine and support.

The well-known passage in the *Sonnets* (Bacon's or Shakespeare's)

And almost thence my nature is subdued

To what it works in, like the dyer's hand,

receives curious confirmation from Mr. Smith's writings. He has studied Bacon's works so closely and long that he has insensibly infected himself with some of that great man's peculiarities. It is the vice, says Bacon, in the *Novum Organum*, of high and discursive intellects to attach too much importance to slight resemblances, a vice which leads men to catch at shadows instead of substances. Mr. Smith quotes this saying; yet how must this vice have got possession of his intellect when he drew up that list of "Parallel passages, and peculiar phrases, from Bacon and Shakespeare," which may be read in his *Bacon and Shakespeare!* Take one instance only:—In the *Life of Henry VII.* occurs this passage: "As his victory gave him the knee, so his purposed marriage with the Lady Elizabeth gave him the heart, so that both knee and heart did truly bow before him"; in *Richard II.* is this line, "Show heaven the humbled heart and not the knee"; and in *Hamlet* this, "And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee." Is it possible that Mr. Smith would seriously have us draw any inference from the fact that in these three passages the word "knee" occurs and in two of them the word "heart"? Really, he might as well insist that, because Mr. Swinburne has written "Cry aloud; for the old world is broken," and because Mr. Arnold has declared himself to be "Wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born," the author of *Dolores* and the author of the *Stanzas from the Grand Chartreuse* must be one and the same man! Again, Macaulay has noticed how, contrary

to general custom, the later writings of Bacon are far superior to the earlier ones in richness of illustration. It is the same with Mr. Smith. His first pamphlet, though direct and lucid enough, was singularly free from all illustration or ornament of any kind. His next contains passages of wonderful richness and imagination. Bacon, he says, is like the orange-tree, "where we may observe the bud, the blossom, and the fruit in every stage of ripeness, all exhibited in one plant at the same time." And he goes on in a strain of splendid eloquence:—"The stentorian orator in the City Forum, who, restoring his voice with the luscious fruit, continues his harangue to the applauding multitude, little reflects, that the delicate blossom which grew by its side, and was gathered at the same time, decorates the fair brow of the fainting bride in the far-off village church." Never surely before has the familiar fruit of domestic life been so poetized since "Bon Gaultier" wrote of the subjects of the Moorish tyrant how they would fain have sympathized with his Christian prisoner:—

But they feared the grizzly despot and his myrmidons in steel,
So their sympathy descended in the fruitage of Seville.

We cannot conclude without offering to Mr. Smith, in all humility, a little theory of our own, vague as yet and unsubstantial, but worth, we do venture to think, his consideration or the consideration of anybody who is in want of a theory to sport with. This is, that these plays, or at any rate a considerable number of them, were really and truly written by Walter Raleigh. We have not as yet had time to examine this theory very closely, or (like Mr. Smith with his) to find very much evidence in support of it. But of what we have done in that direction we freely make him a present. The following plays were all produced after the year 1603, the year when Raleigh was sent to the Tower for his alleged share in the Cobham plot:—*Othello*, *Measure for Measure*, *Lear*, *Pericles*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Macbeth*, *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, *Tempest*, *Henry VIII.*, *Taming of the Shrew*. It has been allowed on Mr. Smith's side that Bacon, amid all his variety of business, both public and private, must have been very hard put to it to find the mere time to write the plays. No man of that age could have had at that time so much leisure on his hands as Raleigh. But that is not all. In the ninth chapter of his *Instructions to his Son*, on the inconveniences arising from the immoderate use of wine, is a passage which might almost be described as a paraphrase of Cassio's famous discourse on the same subject. Nor is this all. Raleigh had been in the Tower before, in 1592, on a rather delicate matter, in which Mistress Throckmorton, afterwards Lady Raleigh, had a share. The injustice of his second imprisonment would naturally recall the first to his mind, equally or still more unjust as he probably thought. To the second he would hardly dare to allude; but what more likely than that he should find a sort of melancholy pleasure in recalling the first? Now, if Mr. Smith will turn to the second scene of the first act of *Measure for Measure* (first acted in December 1604, and written therefore in the first year of Raleigh's imprisonment), he will find an allusion to the unfortunate cause of his first disgrace obvious to the dullest comprehension. The apparently no less obvious allusion in *Twelfth Night* to Coke's brutality at Raleigh's trial cannot, unfortunately, stand, as we know for certain from John Manningham's Diary that the comedy was played in the Middle Temple Hall in the previous year. But from such evidence as we have given (and, did time and space serve, we could add to it) we think a very good case could be made out for Raleigh, and we commend the making of it to Mr. Smith, who seems to have plenty of time to spare on such matters. At any rate, if he will not have Shakespeare for the author of these plays, he must really now begin to think of getting some other Simon Pure than Bacon, if within a quarter of a century and more he has been able to find no better warranty for his theory than that he has given us. But we must entreat him to be a little more careful of poor Raleigh, if he discard our suggestion, than he has been of poor Shakespeare, the only evidence of whose existence he has declared to be the date of his death! But perhaps he is only following Plutarch, whom Bacon praises for saying "Surely I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born."

MR. AUBERON HERBERT'S SOUL.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT has now completed and republished that record of his internal wrestlings which, in the fictitious person of Angus Bramston, he has for some months been unfolding to the mingled awe and amusement of the readers of the *Fortnightly Review*. We say in the person of Angus Bramston rather than in the person of Danby or Markham or Lord Holmshill, because, though each of these characters—as, indeed, most others in Mr. Herbert's political apologue—appears to stand for Mr. Herbert himself in certain moods, it is unquestionably Angus who is intended to represent his creator's normal and habitual state of political mind. The following tell-tale sentences on the fourth page of the volume are sufficient, perhaps, to place Mr. Bramston's original beyond serious question:—"He had formed a clear opinion on the special controversy which occupied the constituencies in the 1880 election, and had been able, without difficulty, to give an answer in his own mind to the questions that then loomed so large before the nation: 'Shall England view with favour or with jealousy the rising nationalities of the East? Shall she pursue an aggressive or non-aggressive

policy abroad?' But he now found himself face to face with subjects of a different order, which, involving social reconstruction, could not fail to be full of perplexities and enigmas for philosophers like himself still looking about for their mental foundations, and were not made easier by the way—as it seemed to him—in which Mr. Gladstone and the party assumed that such a matter as an Irish Land Bill only required a well-balanced arrangement of details and care that all the parts of the new mechanism should work without excessive friction." This, as the public have been permitted to know, is in effect an account of Mr. Herbert's own experiences. He was, if we remember rightly, very prominent among the politicians who in 1880 put to themselves the two singularly irrelevant questions formulated in the above-quoted extracts, and assisted to overthrow the Beaconsfield Administration on the strength of the answer. And not only in these pages, but frequently also in the columns of the daily press, has Mr. Herbert exhibited himself in the character of a "philosopher looking about for his mental foundations," who, confronted with subjects involving social reconstruction, has not found them made easier by Mr. Gladstone's dealings with the Irish land question. Accordingly, we may take it that Angus Bramston's normal attitude of mind is intended to be, at least, provisionally descriptive of Mr. Herbert's; while the far-reaching speculations of Markham, and his aspirations after a polity in which pure voluntaryism shall prevail in everything down even to the payment of taxes, represent the opinions to which Mr. Herbert leans, but to which, judging from the interrupted sentence of half-assent with which the book concludes, he is not yet prepared controversially to commit himself.

Our present purpose with his volume, however, is not to deal with the high sociologic matters to which he invites us. Indeed, upon further consideration of the point, we do not fear to add the words, Heaven forbid! And, if Mr. Herbert should tax us with a contented narrowness of view in declining such an investigation, we shall make what we imagine to be an unexpected defence—namely, that Mr. Herbert's own treatment of the subject of human government, starting as it does only from the principle of the rights of man, is in itself too plainly inadequate to be worth discussion. We insist that he ought to have begun with an exhaustive examination of the Free-will controversy, and that, after having finally routed the Necessitarians, he ought not even then to have attempted to lay the foundation of Markham's political system until he had thoroughly discussed and established an affirmative answer to the question of human perfectibility by purely human agencies. We protest, in other words, against Mr. Herbert's taking as axiomatic "the right of every man to use the faculties he possesses"—meaning without any restraint except that of his own enlightened will—when a whole world of world-old controversy surrounds the preliminary question whether the way to human happiness lies in the direction of emancipation or in that of discipline. From all disputation of this lofty kind we must resolutely turn away. *Paullo minora canamus*. Interesting as the subject is, we must deny ourselves the pleasure of discussing with Mr. Herbert the present state and future prospects of his political soul, and confine ourselves to the lesser question of his original awakening, and of the still benighted condition of his former associates. His case is a sufficiently genuine and striking one to demand a certain amount of attention, which is more than can be said for all politico-spiritual experiences of the same kind. The value of their analogies in the purely spiritual sphere is notoriously doubtful. It has been said, doubtless with some exaggeration, that the truly religious man should be as unconscious of his soul as the thoroughly healthy man is of his liver; and it is of course quite possible for the politician to be too much given to perpetual fingering of the pulse of his conscience. But this, on the whole, is not the besetting weakness of the school to which Mr. Herbert recently belonged. Whatever else may be said of the Gladstonian Radical, he is not of a morbidly introspective habit. If he is a sophist, he is not a "self-torturing sophist"; for the most part, indeed, reserving his sophistry for the work of confounding, not himself, but his adversaries. Their honesty and consistency, the morality of their principles, and the purity of their motives, have always been subjects of more interest to him than his own; and, though it would be unjust to say of the thoroughgoing Ministerialist that he is a convinced Antinomian, it must be allowed, we fear, that in his customary spiritual attitude he bears less resemblance to William Cowper than to "Trusty Tomkins." For this class of politician, therefore, the study of Mr. Herbert's volume can do nothing but good. It is true that its author's conversion has something too much of a revivalist suddenness about it; but that is a comparatively trifling objection from the point of view which we are considering. It would, for instance, be to inquire too curiously to investigate the exact value of the influences which have enrolled an ex-Champion of England under the banner of General Booth; the main point was to have brought religious influences to bear upon Mr. Bendigo at all. And, since there must be many a Ministerialist whose sole thought and pride has hitherto been to vote as straight as that famous pugilist used to hit, and who has hitherto lain metaphorically in spiritual darkness, we ought not to be too fastidious about the particular mode of awakening. It is a good thing that the thick-and-thin follower of the extraordinary courses of Mr. Gladstone should learn that he has a political soul to be saved, even if he only gets his first inkling of it from the discovery that Mr. Auberon Herbert has been in trouble about his.

The awakening itself is, after all, the great matter, and it is in his frank account of the experiences which preceded and followed it that the author of the little volume has deserved well of his fellow-countrymen. By merely inducing others of his fellow-Radicals to examine themselves—we may at least assume that all of them are not finally reprobate—he may hope to make other penitents besides himself; nor does it particularly matter whether their consciences are or are not first smitten by that which first smote his own. We gather, indeed, from Mr. Herbert's book that the Egyptian policy of the Government would have converted him if the Irish Land legislation had not already opened his eyes; but, perhaps unconsciously to himself, that eye-opening process may have been an indispensable preliminary. It does not follow, however, that others whom even the Arrears Act and the Kilmainham Treaty did not induce to ask themselves "where they expected to go to," may not be troubled about their souls, when once they realize that they have souls, by the Egyptian muddle. "I, too," may such an one exclaim, in sudden agony, "I, too, asked myself in 1880 the question, 'Shall England view with favour or with jealousy the rising nationalities of the East? Shall she pursue an aggressive or non-aggressive policy abroad?' And I, too, thought I was able without difficulty to give an answer to them; on the strength of which answer I voted Liberal and turned Lord Beaconsfield's Government out of office." But what am I now doing in assisting Lord Beaconsfield's successor to suppress that rising young nationality of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's, and in supporting a foreign policy which, whether aggressive or non-aggressive, is as like Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy as a British ironclad fleet at Alexandria is like the same fleet in the Bosphorus, or a British army at Cairo is like a British army at Cabul?" The whole history of the last four years, however, has been so full of awakenings; the Government, like Providence in another Mr. Herbert's sonnet, have "begirt us round" with so many guides and teachers to keep us in or to recall us to the right political path, that the "cunning bosom-sin" of a Ministerialist should be very cunning indeed to escape reproof by some one or other of them. And it is not for us to determine which is the most eloquent or powerful to "convince of sin." The misguided majority of 1880 are, no doubt, to be reached, some in one way, some in another. What fails to prick the conscience of one man will prick that of another. Both alike, however, will owe a debt of profound gratitude to Mr. Herbert for having reminded them by his example that they have such things as political consciences to be pricked.

SAN GENNARO.

IT would be interesting, if it were possible, to form a clear picture of the religion of the lazaroni; but it is unfortunately much easier to ridicule than to understand it. It assumes a thousand strange shapes and odd disguises, and frequently finds expression in acts that seem ludicrous, if not revolting, to our modern taste. A traveller whose attention has been attracted to one of these may well be excused if he expatiates on its absurdity; but those who have mixed with the poor of Naples know that their religion, even in its most uncouth form, is a real restraint and a source of true moral strength and comfort to them. M. John Peter, one of the few foreigners who have approached this phase of Southern life with real sympathy, is always ready to recognize the fact, and his tolerance is all the more creditable, as he is the clergyman of a French Protestant congregation in the city. Several of the facts on which we shall have to dwell are taken from his *Saint Janvier*, which is well worth reading, though it is perhaps hardly so interesting as his *Etudes Napolitaines*.

One thing is clear—the faith of the Neapolitan is as vivid as his imagination. To him the saints are no pale abstractions or remote beings. They are actual persons who still retain their old love for certain spots, and who favour those who share their affection and venerate them there. They appear to him in his dreams in the very form in which they are depicted in the churches he frequents, and he has no doubt that if he could approach the region where they are he might behold them with his waking eyes. They are far more real to his imagination, and exercise a greater influence over his life, than the memory of his dead parents and children. It is this that lends his religious practices their surprising, and at times grotesque, character. He is not given to speculation, and indulges in no heresy; but he pictures to himself the objects of his worship in a very human guise, and endeavours to please them by the sort of sacrifice which would be agreeable to himself and his friends. There is, doubtless, a great deal of paganism in such a service; yet it should be remembered that he adores no sensual and cruel deities, but the brightest examples of every Christian virtue. If you endeavour to reduce such a simple creed to a logical form, and follow out certain parts of it to their necessary consequences, you are, of course, landed in the midst of difficulties; but then a Neapolitan never argues on such matters—he only feels and dreams.

When these things are borne in mind, and a full allowance is made for the inconsistency of human nature, much that at first seems inexplicable becomes clear. It is easy to imagine how a population of this kind, when terror-stricken, will rush from shrine to shrine, and form processions, now in honour of one saint and now of another, as a sick child turns, one by one, to those who

stand around its bed and beg them to ease its pain; how long-forgotten names will be recalled, and pictures long hidden be uncovered, in search of some one who will help in need, of some sacred spot where prayer may yet avail. Even the attempt to discover a supernatural protector by the simple device of a lottery, in which the names of the principal saints were placed, and from which that of St. Januarius was drawn, can hardly appear entirely inexplicable to any one who in his boyhood has decided a difficult question by tossing up a halfpenny. The women who rose in insurrection at Piedigrotta in order to prevent the establishment of a cholera hospital there were doubtless instigated by a selfish dread of the disease. The plea that the Madonna had hitherto protected the part of the town which is especially dedicated to her, and that, in resisting the introduction of the epidemic, they were preventing an insult to her as well as protecting their own homes, may have been sincere, but it is evident that it was rather an excuse for the act than its true motive. Such unconscious self-deception has long been a favourite theme with the storyteller and the dramatist; nor are Englishmen, with the Salvation Army howling in their streets, in a position to ridicule the fanaticism of the Neapolitans. In the very midst of the panic their city has never exhibited such scenes as we have lately had to deplore in Worthing and Brighton.

The lottery already mentioned showed a good deal of circumspection in producing the name of San Gennaro, for he is the patron of Naples. In private misfortune its inhabitants may appeal to other mediators—nay, single bodies may display an especial devotion to other saints—but when the whole town is in danger he is its acknowledged guardian. Often, if tradition may be trusted, his intercession has already stayed the plague and checked the lava streams that threatened the place of his birth. The possession of his body and his blood is its highest religious boast, and on the lips of the common people his legend has grown into a romance. Poor fisherwomen still delight in telling their children how from his earliest infancy he refused food on Friday, and how, when he was a child, the Madonna brought her Bambino to play with him. And then his festival was near, when the liquefaction would show whether he was still ready to help the suppliants.

Of all the miracles which are widely known to have received the sanction of the Catholic Church, this is, perhaps, the one that excites the greatest repugnance among those who do not belong to her communion. Cardinal Newman himself has recognized the fact. It appears to us not only crude and trivial in itself, but utterly purposeless. To the Neapolitan it has quite another significance; it means that, in spite of all his sins, his protector has not turned his back upon him, but is still ready to hear and to save. It was the refusal to be present at this ceremony that finally deprived Garibaldi of the support of the lazzaroni. If they had to choose between him and San Gennaro, they would remain true to the latter. "He must be guilty of some such crime," they whispered, "as makes him sure that no miracle can be performed in his presence. He dare not approach the body of the saint," and they turned from him as in ancient days men might have turned from one accused of the gods. Under these conditions it is not strange that every circumstance connected with the liquefaction should be noted and regarded as an omen. If in a time of need it is long before the miracle is wrought, that denotes a continuance of the calamity; and we learn from M. Peter that when the fluid assumes a bright red hue great prosperity is expected; a darker shade foretells war, a lighter one the plague, and foam or scum on the top an eruption of Vesuvius. If the liquefaction is imperfect, great distress is threatened, and if it takes place during the procession, before the vessel has been placed opposite the head of the martyr, terrible misfortunes are at hand. At his late festival the process was long delayed, but afterwards "San Gennaro wrought a beautiful miracle," as those who were present assert.

The ceremonies have been so often described that it would be tedious to dwell on them, but it is not perhaps generally known that the supernatural qualities of this relic are far from being unique. A part of the blood was removed to Madrid by Charles III., and this, as well as a few drops that remain on the basin in which it was first collected, still preserved at San Gennaro della Solfatara, is said to become fluid at the very moment when the more celebrated miracle is performed; and Naples possesses at least four churches in which the blood of different saints, among them that of St. John the Baptist, undergoes a similar change on their several festivals. Portions of the blood of St. Laurence are preserved at Tivoli, and at San Lorenzo in the Roman States, and in both places it displays the same marvellous properties, while Ravello boasts of that of San Pantaleone, which liquefies not only on the days especially set apart to do him honour, but also, though rarely, on other solemn occasions.

According to the accounts of the country people, this San Pantaleone was a very pious, chaste, and charitable Christian youth of great beauty, who was persecuted and slain by the Spanish Moors—they are apt to become Protestants in the mouth of the people—on account of his religion. A young girl who had long loved him collected a part of his blood from the earth, and stored it away in a vial, with which she fled to the coast, where she found a ship bound for Salerno. The voyage was unusually prosperous until the rocks below Ravello were reached; but here the vessel suddenly stopped, nor could it be moved till the maiden was landed with her precious burden. The relic afterwards gave many unquestionable signs that it had chosen Ravello for its resting-place,

and there it still remains. It stands at present at the back of the altar, in a receptacle guarded both before and behind by a heavy grating, through which it is easy to see, but impossible to thrust one's hand. In general it is entirely concealed by a heavy wooden casing fastened by three locks, the keys of which are confided to three different functionaries, one of whom is lay while two are clerical. It is only when the assent of all these has been obtained that the great glory of Ravello can be exhibited. At such times the candles on the altar are lighted, and the devout worshipper or curious visitor passes to the back of the structure. He then sees in the full light that passes through the front opening the sacred vial deposited on a stand of what seems to be exceedingly light silver work in the centre of the shrine, at a distance of some twelve or eighteen inches from the grating on either side. The substance contained in the glass vessel when in a solid state resembles a mass of coarse and unrefined reddish-brown gum. As the liquefaction proceeds the colour brightens, the impurities, which are supposed by the people to have been particles of earth that adhered to the relic when it was first collected, sink to the bottom, and the vial seems to be about half filled with newly-shed blood. As no one can touch the vessel while this process takes place, the theory that the blood of St. Januarius is dissolved by the warmth of the priest's hands cannot hold good with respect to that of San Pantaleone.

It is clear that such miracles can only influence the hearts and the imagination of an exceedingly simple population; but it would be interesting to know what effect they have on the ethical life of those who believe in them. Thus there can be no doubt that the terror caused by the cholera has led to a great deal of sincere devotion in Naples. Has it also produced a moral improvement? This is a question on which it is very difficult to obtain any trustworthy information. The great rise in the price of provisions has at first a bad look; but it must be remembered that in the earlier days of the epidemic many tradesmen closed their shops and left the town, and, while the usual supply was thus curtailed, the demand for certain articles was greatly increased. The efforts of the medical authorities to restrict the indulgence in fruit, which during the summer months forms a great part of every Neapolitan's diet, compelled the poor to look about them for some other form of food, and everything was done to induce them to make an habitual use of butcher's meat, which they are accustomed to regard as a rare luxury. This could not but affect the market, though a few heartless speculators may perhaps have done their best to increase and profit by a rise in prices which for a time was little less than a national calamity.

The great self-devotion shown by many during the worst period of the epidemic may have been due to human pity rather than to any more sacred motive, and it certainly was not confined to the religious classes; but one fact, which we have upon good authority, can hardly be explained in this way. Among the greatest curses of the city are the small usurers, men and women who possess a few hundred francs which they lend to the poor at interest that often rises to between two and three hundred per cent. Shortly before the last festival of St. Januarius they were seized by a sudden terror; they rushed to the confessionalists they usually avoid, and voluntarily reduced their claims to the lowest rates. They even refused the money brought them. Many who have but little faith in the liquefaction will be inclined to acknowledge that in this case "San Gennaro wrought a beautiful miracle."

BRITISH AGRICULTURE.

AMIDST much that is unsatisfactory, the Agricultural Returns just issued bring out one encouraging fact, which is that the area under cultivation in Great Britain is constantly increasing. In the current year the cultivated area of Great Britain has increased 81,000 acres, and the increase over the acreage of 1873 is as much as 1,363,000 acres. The period since 1873 has been the least prosperous known to the present generation. For seven years the seasons were exceptionally bad, 1879 in particular being perhaps the worst of the century; indeed, since 1874 there has not been a really good year. At the same time, there have been frequent outbreaks of cattle disease; sheep have died in immense numbers from rot; and foreign competition has been steadily extending and growing keener and keener, in consequence of which prices have been persistently falling. That, in spite of all this, the area under cultivation should have augmented is an encouraging fact, and seems to prove that, taken altogether, agriculture is not unprosperous. The increase, it is to be borne in mind, is not confined to any one district. It is found in England, Scotland, and Wales. It seems clear that landowners and farmers would not annually for a long series of years spend capital in the reclamation of land unless they found the investment profitable. At the same time, it is not to be lost sight of that the distinction between land under cultivation and mountain and heath is somewhat arbitrary. Nor does it clearly appear in what way those who make up the returns distinguish one from the other. The total area of Great Britain slightly exceeds 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions of acres; but the total cultivated area is a little under 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions of acres. The cultivated area, therefore, is roughly four-sevenths of, or a little more than one-half the total area. In England the proportion of cultivated area to the total is about three to four; in Wales it is somewhat over one to two; but in Scotland it is only one to four. While the total area of Scotland is

almost 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions of acres, the cultivated area is just 4,812,000 acres. Three-quarters of all Scotland, therefore, are, according to the returns, unclaimed mountain and heath. But every tourist is aware that the heath and the mountain-sides give food to sheep and cattle, and it seems an arbitrary and misleading mode of making up the statistics to exclude about three-quarters of the whole country from the category of wealth-yielding land. It is difficult to resist the suspicion that much of what is supposed to be reclamation is merely a variation in the returns themselves; those who make up the returns entering one year as land under cultivation what in previous years had been set down as mountain or heath. But, however this may be, the fact, so far as it goes, is undoubtedly encouraging, that year by year more of the soil of the country is being brought under cultivation.

The tendency to turn arable land into pasture still continues. In the present year, it is true, there was an increase in the acreage under wheat; but this was due largely to the fact that the autumn of 1882 and the early months of 1883 were so exceptionally wet that the decrease in the area sown with wheat was much larger than had been intended. Last autumn and spring being favourable, there was naturally some increase in the area planted; but the increase did not nearly bring it up to the area of 1882. Looking back to 1873, the decrease in the acreage under wheat is very great, and there is also a decrease in the whole of the corn crops. Taking the whole of Great Britain, the arable acreage somewhat exceeds the acreage of permanent pasture, the latter being a little over 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions of acres, while the former somewhat exceeds 17 millions of acres. In England the two classes are nearly equal, there being a slightly greater quantity in arable land than in permanent pasture. In Wales the excess of permanent pasture is large, while in Scotland the arable land is nearly three times that of permanent pasture. In this fact we have another reason for suspecting that the returns are not quite accurate. For the whole of Scotland less than a million and a quarter of acres are returned as permanent pasture, apparently the whole of the hills of any altitude being set down as mountain. Compared with 1873, the increase in the total cultivated area is 1,363,000 acres. The increase in permanent pasture is 2,375,000 acres, while in arable land there is a decrease of 1,011,000 acres. In other words, the total area that has been reclaimed since 1873 has been laid down in permanent pasture; and, in addition, a million acres which were in tillage ten years ago are now grass-lands. At first sight this seems to be a satisfactory state of things. Owing to the intense competition of foreign countries, corn-growing has ceased to be very profitable; while the production of meat still is profitable, owing to the nearness of the producer to the consuming market. It seems, therefore, matter for congratulation that British farmers have seen the drift of events, and are adapting their industry accordingly. But if we look a little closer we shall see reason to doubt whether there is ground for so much congratulation as at first sight appears. Mainly the decrease of tillage is in the corn crops. While the total diminution in arable land, as we have already seen, is 1,011,000 acres, the diminution in the area under corn is 974,000 acres. Practically, then, there is little change as respects green crops and the minor crops. It ought to follow, then, that our wealth in flocks and herds is vastly greater now than it was ten years ago. The area under grass has been increased immensely, while the crops intended for the feeding of cattle have not decreased. But, as a matter of fact, we do not find that increase in our flocks and herds which we should look for. Compared with 1873, the number of horses in Great Britain has increased only 138,000, and the number of cattle has increased no more than 305,000; while the number of sheep has decreased as much as 3,359,000, and the number of pigs has increased barely 84,000. With the enormous increase in pasture-land and the enormous decrease in the crops intended for human food, there is thus a very trifling increase, if not an actual decrease, in our home meat supply. It may be doubted, surely, whether the decrease in sheep does not more than balance the total increase in cattle and pigs. And this is the more remarkable when we consider that the price of meat has been steadily rising. No doubt cattle disease has checked the growth of our herds, while the extremely unfavourable weather in 1879 played havoc with our flocks. But, while all this is true, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that there is a radical mistake in our present system of agriculture. Farmers are not properly trained for their work, and are not as ready, therefore, to adapt themselves to new conditions as their fellow-countrymen engaged in trade proper. It seems to us clearly an error to allow so much land to go out of tillage, and lay it down in permanent pasture, where there is much more waste, and where, as is clearly seen from these statistics, there is not the production of human food that there ought to be. The wealth and population of the country have been growing at a very rapid rate; the consumption of meat, eggs, butter, and milk is growing equally rapidly; and yet there is no material increase, if there is any, in the home supply. Our supply comes mainly from abroad. Every year the imports are increasing largely, while for fully ten years the home supply has at the best remained stationary.

How rapid has been the increase in the imports is seen from the fact that the value of live cattle, sheep, and pigs imported into this country in 1864 was but slightly over 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, while last year it reached very nearly 12 millions sterling. It thus seems that in live cattle alone the value of the imports has been nearly trebled in twenty years. In dead meat, fish, eggs, butter, and cheese, the value has risen from a little over 13 millions sterling to more than 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. In

wheat and wheat flour the increase has been from 13½ millions sterling to over 43½ millions sterling. And, without going minutely through each group, we may say in one word that the total of food imported into the country has risen from 58,658,000l. in 1864 to 157,520,000l. last year. Thus, the value of the imports of food into the country has nearly trebled in twenty years; while, as we have seen, even during the past ten years our flocks and herds have remained stationary, if they have not actually diminished, and there has been a very considerable decrease in the production of corn. Our total home supply of food, therefore, has steadily and largely decreased for ten years, while the supply from abroad has been increasing at a marvellously rapid rate. In some articles, no doubt, the foreign producer has an advantage over the home producer, owing to the fertility of his soil, the goodness of his climate, and the cheapness of producing generally. But in other articles the advantage is unquestionably on the side of the home producer. In the case of meat, for example, the nearness of the market gives the home farmer an advantage over all rivals which cannot be neutralized by other circumstances. If our farmers were as intelligent, as well trained and as good business men as our merchants are, there can be little doubt that an enormous increase could be brought about in our flocks and herds. We would instance one particular in which the training of our farmers is greatly deficient, and which no doubt prevents them from adapting themselves to the changed conditions of the great industry in which they are engaged. As a rule, our farmers do not understand book-keeping; but it is evident that without careful and intelligent bookkeeping they cannot judge what part of their farming is profitable and what unprofitable. At the end of the year they may know, indeed, that they have a larger or a smaller balance, as the case may be, than they had twelve months before; but whether they have lost or gained upon a particular crop, upon their cattle, or their sheep, it is impossible for them to say. If they are to keep abreast of the times, to maintain the increasingly keen competition with foreigners, and to adapt their system of cultivation to the requirements of the day, they clearly must inform themselves as to what kind of farming is most profitable and what least. And they can only do this by carefully keeping account of their outlay and their incomings in each department. No doubt agricultural bookkeeping is more difficult than bookkeeping in trade; but bookkeeping is as essential in the one as in the other, and a great benefit would be conferred upon British agriculture by any one who would produce a good system of agricultural bookkeeping that would be easily learned by the farmer, and would enable him to carry on his business in an intelligent manner.

GREAT GUNS.

TWO years ago it seemed as if the long series of victories of guns over armour-plates was stopped—for a time, at all events—and as if defensive strength had, with the greatest iron-clads, been made practically quite equal to offensive strength. In November 1882 the Italian artillerists made some very important experiments with heavy ordnance against thick plates at Spezia, and the result showed that armour had been contrived which could resist the strongest muzzle-loading gun in existence. The plates tried on these occasions were, a steel plate 19 in. thick, made at the Schneider foundry at Creusot, and two compound plates of the same thickness, one made by Cammell and the other by Brown. The weapon was the 100-ton Armstrong muzzle-loader, and it may be said to have been practically defeated by the armour, albeit that the English plates were thought to be defective from not having been sufficiently rolled down, and were not bolted to the backing as they should have been. Shots fired with 328 lbs. of Fossano powder failed to pierce, and did no serious injury to the backing. With an increased charge of 478 lbs. the English plates were broken to pieces, and the French plate was badly cracked, but the projectiles did not pierce; and though two further rounds, in which steel-headed and steel shot were used, broke up the last-named plate, the projectiles still failed to pierce, one falling back in front of the target, and the other burying itself in the backing.

Such was the victory of the armour in the last great trial but one. It is true that the plates were shattered; but it required several rounds to destroy the Schneider plate; and, when the great difference between the conditions of an experiment on land and of an engagement at sea, and the advantage which the former give to the gun, are considered, it seems clear that the armour proved fit to protect the vital parts of a vessel against the greatest muzzle-loading gun ever made. Now, however, after considerable delay, a breech-loader with forged steel projectiles has been tried; and the result has been extremely different. When the experiments of which we have just spoken were made at Spezia, it was expected that the trial of the 100-ton Armstrong muzzle-loader would be succeeded by a trial of the 100-ton breech-loader; but, for some unexplained reason, that tremendous weapon was not put to the test. Last month, however, the experiment was made, and, as had been foreseen by experts, the gun was victorious. From the excellent accounts which were published in the *Engineer* and *Engineering* it appears that on the 1st of October last there were comparative trials at Spezia, under the direction of the Italian Committee on Naval Ordnance, with a view to determine whether forged steel or compound plates should be used for the armour of the *Lepanto* (13,851 tons) and the *Ruggiero di Loria* (10,000

tons). The plates were apparently precisely similar to those used before, two being compound by Cammell and Brown, and the third Creusot steel. Each was 19 inches thick. The gun, charged with 770 lbs. of powder, and with a tempered hard-steel projectile, was fired from a distance of 110 yards, and the line of fire was nearly at right angles to the plate. Very different was the effect from that of the muzzle-loader on the armour tried. In each case the plate was pierced at once. The first round was fired against the Cammell plate, and the shot passed clean through it, breaking into several pieces, two of which were large, and the slab of metal was divided, roughly speaking, into six parts. The Brown plate was pierced in a similar way, but the head remaining entire. The plate was broken into four pieces, and the part round the aperture made by the shot was much shattered. Through the steel plate, in like manner, the projectile passed, making a very clean perforation, and breaking up as the other two had done. Three of the pieces were large, and one penetrated the screen in the rear to the depth of about a yard. The plate was divided into three parts, but was less fissured in front than the other two. According to the writer in *Engineering*, the injuries in the rear were with this plate far less than with the Cammell and Brown plates, none of the fastenings showed any signs of strain, and it was evident that after perforation less energy remained in the projectile than in those which had traversed the compound armour. The author of the article in the *Engineer*, on the other hand, seems to think that on the whole the compound plates were shown to be the best, and, as need hardly be said, great weight attaches to any opinion pronounced in the columns of this paper; but it should be observed that in this case, it is expressly stated that the account given is from an Italian source, and has not been verified. The engravings in *Engineering* certainly leave the impression that the Creusot plate proved at least as strong as the English ones.

Whether, however, steel is better or worse than iron and steel, we do not now wish to consider, important as the question is. The great fact most worthy of attention in these remarkable experiments is that once more the power of guns has been made manifest, and that the best armour that could be produced has been found not to be armour of proof. The considerable advantage, alluded to above, which the gun has in experiments must not be overlooked, and it may be very fairly urged that the armour which failed at Spezia might sufficiently protect ships in a sea-fight. This, however, is only a supposition. The definite result which cannot be disputed is that the armour which two years ago repulsed shot has now been pierced; and already it seems that in Italy, where there is at present more enterprise in naval matters than there is anywhere else, the advisability of using armour with a minimum of twenty-four inches, or of abandoning it altogether, is being considered. Now, the *Invincible* is protected by 24 ins. of iron in some places, and it might be possible to protect the vital parts and battery of some huge ship by steel plates of the same thickness; but it is difficult to believe that at the date of her completion there would not be in existence a gun capable of driving a projectile through two feet or more of metal. There is no reason for regarding the 100-ton gun as the final effort of artillerists. In view of their inevitable and terrible activity should armour be abandoned? Sir E. Reed has quite lately argued with great force and clearness—indeed, with eloquence—in favour of retaining it, and has no doubt shown the terrible peril which an unarmoured vessel, without a proper under-water deck, may incur in action. Very trying, then, is the position of the designers of war-ships, to whom, after many troubles, the Spezia experiments must come as a final blow. We cannot presume to give counsel, but this much may be said with certainty—that, however our ships may be constructed, good gunnery on board them will be all-important, as, in attempting to consider the naval engagement of the future, it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the value of a few well-directed shots at close quarters.

THE MONTEFIORE CENTENARY.

THE congratulations that attended last year's anniversary of the birth of Sir Moses Montefiore were accompanied by the universal hope that he should complete his hundredth year. The realization of that hope is now an abiding satisfaction. Especially interesting to the Jewish world, the occasion has evoked throughout Christendom a sentiment equally spontaneous. Its significance is of the widest comprehension—to the Jew first, but also to the Gentile. Sir Moses Montefiore is the type of all that is representative of the genius of his people—of their astonishing tenacity and courage and endurance. With the energy and pertinacity that characterize his race, he has pursued the undeviating practice of charity, which is the fulfilling of the law. Standing on the threshold of a second century, the pleasures of retrospection that vitalize the sober majesty of age must be singularly fruitful of consolation. Not less gratifying at the present moment must be the assurance that multitudes of his fellow-creatures delight in that contemplation, rejoice in the results of his labours, and share in his unextinguished hopes. The pleasures of faith, of which Mr. Ruskin has recently discoursed, are abundantly illustrated in his life, not merely as the pallid reflex of mediæval vision.

It is easy to enlarge on the uncommon power and influence with which fortune had endowed Sir Moses Montefiore. His wealth and

social position gave immense weight to his efforts, and were particularly powerful in ensuring protection to a people scattered in many lands, victims of prejudice and persecution, and afflicted with severe disabilities. But the gifts of fortune might well have proved ineffectual, unsupported by the extraordinary energy and foresight and tact that accompanied them. The faith that removes mountains was combined in Sir Moses Montefiore with no mean diplomatic skill. Not wealth alone, nor any individual influence or power, could have gained the great victory of 1840, when the Sultan's firman decreed the complete emancipation of his Jewish subjects. The seven voyages to Palestine, the interviews with Mehemet Ali and the Sultan in Cairo and Constantinople, the journey to Russia, even when not immediately successful, were all productive of the enlightenment that advances the cause of toleration. Prejudice and ignorance were attacked in their strongholds, and though in Russia and Germany there have since been intermittent outbreaks of fanaticism, they have not been wholly inspired by old religious animosity. The agitation against the Jews of Russia is indeed not conducted on the old familiar lines; it is animated by other forces besides sectarian bigotry, and is therefore a problem of complexity and difficulty such as must tax any individual resources. It is due to the work of Sir Moses Montefiore, as it is the reproach and shame of Russia, that in the establishment of religious equality Turkey should remain an example to Eastern Europe. The fact is full of significance, and should be borne in mind by the friends of Russia when they exalt the progressive policy of that country at the expense of retrograde Turkey.

The life-work of Sir Moses Montefiore is only partially indicated by these salient points of interest. They are the triumph of his career, their fame is universal, they are the possession of the human race. The record of them has something of the fascination of the age of chivalry and romance, the days of pilgrimage and self-sacrifice, when the heroic was not cynically associated in men's minds with foolishness. When felicitated on his centenary, Fontenelle remarked, "Je suis Français; j'ai vécu cent ans, et je n'ai jamais donné le plus petit ridicule à la plus petite vertu." The life and example of Sir Moses Montefiore cannot be epitomized in the style of "le discret Fontenelle," or crystallized in a *bon mot*. He did something more than plead the quality of mercy and the equity of tolerance before sovereigns. His sympathy has not been confined to one people, or his labours prolonged in one righteous cause. He did more than disburse charity on a magnificent scale in the presence of all men. If fortune provided Sir Moses Montefiore with the power of benevolence, public and private, a fervid and single-hearted love of humanity was the living motive-force. Great achievements are not incompatible with petty infirmities; the natural desire of the praise of men has not seldom been gratified to the detriment of the simpler virtues. There is no sign in the suggestive record of Sir Moses Montefiore's exertions of the influence of the "last infirmity of noble minds." It is singularly free from this or any other taint that might detract from its value or impair the force of its example. This is the charm that invests his life with its chief attraction and has gained for him the affection and reverence of all classes and creeds. It is much that, in an age of cynical unbelief, antagonistic to the zealous and consistent practice of faith, the centenary of Sir Moses Montefiore should arouse so wholesome and hearty an enthusiasm.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

WE have before us a *Sporting Calendar* of the year 1774, in which we find that the Houghton Meeting used to be held during November. In that particular year it began on a Tuesday and ended on the following Monday, and the races consisted principally of matches. Only 200*l.* appears to have been given in "added money" during the six days racing, and this was divided into equal prizes of 50*l.* On the other hand, the matches were often for much larger sums, one of them being for 1,000 guineas. How the bookmakers of the period managed to live it is difficult to understand, as the favourites won with surprising regularity. The meeting ended on the 7th of November; and it may astonish some people who cry out at the immoderate length of the modern racing season to hear that in the year 1769 there was flat-racing at Epsom on the day after Christmas.

The first day of the Houghton Meeting of 1884 reminded us of the Houghton Meeting of 1774 as far as the success of the favourites was concerned, for they won in every instance. The racing began with a dead-heat between Toastmaster and Tombola, but in the deciding heat old Toastmaster won easily. Sir George Chetwynd's pretty little filly, Coy, by Hermit, won a Selling Plate; and his very promising colt, Domino, who had won one race at the First and two races at the Second October Meeting, now won the Monday Nursery by half a dozen lengths. He has the muscular quarters and loins that are so essential in a good racehorse. Eight horses ran for the Criterion. Melton, the winner of the Middle Park Plate, was made the favourite, and he had no difficulty whatever in beating all his opponents in a canter over the stiff Criterion course. His action in his gallop is very fine, and, although not a large colt, he has plenty of power. Langwell, Golden Ray, Risingham, and the Lynette filly were among the field, but nothing seemed to have any chance with the favourite. All the eight starters are entered for the Derby of next year, so the Criterion may be said to form one chapter in the history of that race. We may observe here

that the stallion Wild Oats, who ran a dead heat with Pero Gomez for this race in 1868, has died very lately. In 1881 he was sold for 2,000 guineas, at the break-up of the Cobham stud. After becoming a prominent favourite both for the Two Thousand and the Derby, one of his legs filled in the spring, and he ran for neither race, nor did he ever run again in public. After the late Criterion many people shook their heads about Melton, and said that he also had a suspicious leg, which might perhaps bring about a failure not unlike that which befel Wild Oats. On this point we are not in a position to offer any opinion, but it seems pretty clear that the colt is sound enough at present, whatever may be in store for him in the future. General Owen William's four-year-old Cohort cantered in, ten lengths in front of a field of eight horses, in the Ancaster Welter Handicap, under 9*st.* 5*lbs.* Goldfield, another four-year-old, was carrying as much as 10*st.* 8*lbs.*

The finishes on the day of the Cambridgeshire were wonderfully close. Four and a half to 1 had been laid on old Exile II. for the first race, but Dean Swift made a good race with him, and was only beaten by half a length. Mr. Hammond, the owner of the winner of the Cambridgeshire, took the next race with his two-year-old filly Alaska, who only won by a head, after a remarkably fine struggle with Barnacles. In a match between Village Boy and Auctioneer, 9 to 4 was laid on the former, but it was all that even the skill of Archer could do to nurse the old horse home, a winner by a head. The next race was won by a neck only, after a sharp struggle, and then came the Cambridgeshire, which, as we said last week, was won by a head. The race which followed was won by a length, but Campbell only won the Criterion Nursery by a head, and the last race of the day was secured by but half a length, although with tolerable ease. The luck which had attended backers on the first day did not desert them on the second, for the first favourites won in eight of the nine races which took place during the afternoon. Indeed, it may be said that the professional betting men very rarely had two such terrible days together as the Monday and Tuesday of the late Houghton meeting, and they must have been the more provoked because many of the favourites only just secured their races. Holders of paddock tickets had no reason for grumbling before the Cambridgeshire, as nearly all the competitors were saddled in the Bird Cage. Spectators, however, might well complain of the mist which rose before that race, and made it impossible to distinguish the colours of the jockeys a quarter of a mile off. Yet it was quite clear enough to see the finish, which was a particularly fine one. Fortunately there was no rain; and if the racing, with the exception of the Cambridgeshire, was not of a very high class, almost all the finished were finely contested. The victory of Florence in the Cambridgeshire was one of which every well-wisher to racing may justly be proud, and there can be little doubt that we have had some of the best horses on the turf this season that England has ever produced.

The Stand Handicap, on the Wednesday, was quite a family affair for the Lenteses, as they rode the first, second, and third in the race. Domino, who seems to like Newmarket Heath, beat a dozen two-year-olds for the New Nursery Stakes. Mr. L. de Rothschild got the better of Lord Cadogan in a match between Middlethorpe and The Mate, in which the winner gave 15*lbs.* to the loser. The Dewhurst Plate was one of the most important two-year-old races of the year, as it brought out Xaintrailles and the Casuistry colt, who had been second and third for the Middle Park Plate, as well as Cora, who had been seriously interfered with in an early part of that race. The Casuistry colt had been sold by the Duke of Westminster to Mr. Cloete between the races for the Middle Park and the Dewhurst Plates, according to the *Field*, for 1,000*l.* less than the price that the Duke had given for him. The course for the Dewhurst Plate is a furlong further than that for the Middle Park Plate, but the finish is the same for both races. There was a beautiful start, and the ten two-year-olds got away in a line. Farewell made the running during the early part of the race, but half way across the flat it was taken up by the Casuistry colt, who was closely followed by Cora. At the Bushes Xaintrailles, who was the first favourite, went up to Cora, but he rather lost than made ground as they came down the hill. Cora challenged the Casuistry colt in the Abingdon Bottom, but very unsuccessfully, for the son of Sterling and Casuistry shot away when Archer roused him, and won the race with very great ease by three lengths. It will be remembered that he had run in a coltish and ungainly fashion for the Middle Park Plate, which had been his first race; but now he seemed quite to have entered into the spirit of racing, and he could not have won in better style. He is a magnificent colt, and it is reported in the newspapers that his new owner refused 10,000*l.* for him after the race—a high offer, when one remembers the fuss that was made at 8,600 guineas being given for Harvester a couple of days before the Two Thousand. That, of course, was a very different matter to giving such a price for a colt that has got all the risks of the winter and a spring training before him. The breeding of the Casuistry colt is interesting, as he has no less than four distinct strains of Birdcatcher blood in his veins, as well as two of Touchstone. He certainly ran a great colt in the Dewhurst Plate, and some people go so far as to say that he is probably the best two-year-old of the season; but it should not be forgotten that he was receiving 4*lbs.* and sex from Cora, as well as 4*lbs.* from Xaintrailles; and good as his performance undoubtedly was, it does not in the least detract from that of Melton in the Middle Park Plate. People who talked about offering many

thousands sterling for two-year-olds were reminded of the uncertainty of horseflesh in the race which followed the Dewhurst Plate, when Wickham, who had been backed at a short price for the Derby, less than a year ago, only ran a bad third for a Selling Plate of 100.

The Feather Plate on the Thursday was won by the thoroughbred pony Lonsdale, by Petrarch. This very well-shaped little colt has plenty of bone, and his movement is beautiful. It is rather singular that two such excellent ponies as Lonsdale and Lucy Ashton should have appeared on the turf in one year. Unfortunately Lucy Ashton met with an accident in April after she had won more than 1,000/- in stakes. After Lonsdale's victory in the Feather Plate, Northern Duke beat a large field for a Selling Plate, and then followed the Troy Stakes. In the race of the same name at Stockbridge, White Nun had beaten Glamour by several lengths, so she was now made the favourite, as the 2 lbs. advantage, which Glamour was to have, did not seem enough to put the two fillies on an equality. Archer rode the Duke of Westminster's White Nun, Cannon rode Lord Rosebery's Glamour, and Snowden rode the Duke of Beaufort's Maria Renata. The favourite made the running, but Cannon waited patiently in the rear of his two opponents until reaching the rails, when the three fillies took close order and ran a beautiful race home. Cannon just managed to secure the judge's verdict by a head with Glamour, and White Nun was only a neck in front of Maria Renata. St. Gatien was made a very strong favourite for the Free Handicap Sweepstakes, although he was giving 3 lbs. to Duke of Richmond, who at one time had been considered superior to any horse that had run in the Two Thousand or Derby. As they came out of the Abingdon Bottom Archer brought Duke of Richmond up to St. Gatien's girths, but Wood more than held his own on the favourite, and won by three-quarters of a length. Some two-year-olds of celebrity came out for the Churley Stakes. The first favourite was Sir George Chetwynd's Kingwood, who had won five races out of six, and the second favourite was St. Helena, who had won four races out of five. The pair were meeting at even weights, and they were each giving 3 lbs. to the diminutive Mearns, whose public form had been somewhat inferior to their own, although she had won four races. Archer waited with this filly while the two favourites were fighting out their duel, and bidding his time with admirable judgment, he made a dash at the last moment, and just landed the stakes by a head, while St. Helena beat Kingwood by exactly the same distance. This was one of the finest races of the meeting.

There was a pretty race again on the following day for a selling plate, in which Canzoni, ridden by Archer, beat Village Boy, ridden by Snowden, by a neck, and Aiguillette and Maria ran a dead heat for third place. White Nun had not sufficiently recovered from her race of the previous day to win the Home-Bred Foal Post Stakes, although she had the advantage of Archer's riding. Lord Ellesmere won the race with Zagazig. Only two horses, St. Gatien and Archiduc, ran for the Jockey Club Cup. This race is run over the Cesarewitch Course, and, as the two horses were carrying even weights, St. Gatien was meeting Archiduc on 5 lbs. better terms than in the Cesarewitch, when he had beaten Archiduc by more than four lengths. The race, therefore, was looked upon as such a certainty for St. Gatien that 8 to 1 was laid upon him; nor were these long odds ever in danger, as he won the race, with his ears pricked, by ten lengths. The way the great horse came up the hill from the Abingdon Bottom and glided from his adversary was a sight worth going a long way to see. In conclusion, we have only to notice the weather, which throughout the three autumn meetings at Newmarket was almost all that could be desired, and there are good reasons for hoping that the number of colds caught on the bleak heath has been—as racing reporters are fond of saying—"the smallest on record."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE second concert of the season opened with Mozart's overture to the *Magic Flute*. The performance of this work at once showed that the high point to which the band had been brought the Saturday before is to be the real starting-point of the season, and was not only produced by the energy always developed at a first performance. There was not a trace of that "staleness" so often found in a band at the second concert of a season. The fine qualities of the orchestra, and the power and intelligence of the conductor, were well shown in a fine performance of Schubert's Symphony in C, generally called No. 9, but which the compiler of the programme (G) prefers to call No. 10, on the grounds that, in his opinion, the Symphony written in 1826, and therefore the true No. 9, is still in existence. Mlle. Clotilde Keeberg was the pianist. She made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace, at Mr. Mann's benefit, in June 1883, but had not before played in the regular concert season. She was first heard in Beethoven's concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra in E flat, No. 5 (Op. 73). In this she showed powers and intelligence of a very high order. Her touch is delicate and sharp, producing a clear tone and great incisiveness of attack, and she also has acquired an unusual independence of the hands, together with an almost perfect mastery of gradations of power, and is further able to produce the loudest *fortes* without thumping and destroying the musical quality of the tone. Mlle. Keeberg is gifted with a delicate and refined musical or-

ganization, which enables her to give a sympathetic interpretation of the composer's thoughts, and, though her rendering is not without a strong mark of individuality, it is not disfigured by attempts at securing originality by the means of eccentricity or vulgar daring. Mlle. Keeberg chose for her unaccompanied solos Etude in F, No. 8 (Op. 10), Chopin, Romance in A, Mendelssohn, Gigue, Handel. Three numbers from Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's new oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*, were given. The first of these, the song, "Rise up, my love," was admirably sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd. The music is singularly charming. The song is constructed on much the same plan as "Salve dimora" in Gounod's *Faust*; though, in saying this, we do not intend to imply that Mr. Mackenzie has been in any way guilty of plagiarism, only that he has employed the same peculiar type of flowing, non-recurrent melody, and has used the same device of sustaining his voice-part by an important part for the solo violin, so that the song really, as in the case of Gounod's composition, becomes a duet between the voice and violin, with orchestral accompaniment. This was followed by the instrumental movement or intermezzo, "Spring Morning on Lebanon," which shows the composer again as one having very happy and poetic melodic inspirations, which he treats with judgment and skill. In spite of its beauty, this movement dragged rather, and became almost wearisome before its close, owing to some trace of that blemish, the want of sustentation and homogeneity, which seems so common amongst modern composers, especially in this country.

The other orchestral movement, the Prelude to the Third Part, called "Sleep," is rather unsuited to the concert-room. A skilfully and artistically arranged murmur for the whole orchestra, with muted violins predominating, makes an admirable introduction and contrast to other music, but standing by itself cannot make much impression upon an audience, however great its intrinsic merits may be. On the whole, the more careful consideration of this selection only confirms us in the high opinion which we formed of the work when it was produced at the recent Norwich Festival. The other items of the programme were the two songs—Serenade (Schwanengesang) of Schubert, and Mendelssohn's "The Garland," sung by Mr. Lloyd in his best style.

REVIEWS.

ENGLAND UNDER HENRY IV.*

LESS work probably has been devoted to the reign of Henry IV. than to any other part of our history. The causes of this neglect are manifold. The contemporary chronicles are few and not of the highest class, while the times present some peculiar difficulties, and are marked by comparatively few striking events. Although the reign was the fruit of a revolution, and was itself full of political change, it has none of the heroic characteristics of a revolutionary epoch. For the first five years after his accession, the period covered by the volume before us, Henry was engaged in a desperate struggle to retain his throne against the powerful aristocracy which had dethroned his predecessor. The country was full of discontent, disorder, and treason. Without being engaged in a single foreign war of real importance, it was never at peace, and was at times even in danger. Money was sorely needed for the defence of the kingdom, as well as for the purposes of government, and money was extraordinarily scarce. Confused as the history of the reign consequently is, it is well worth writing, for it is full of constitutional importance. In one sense it was a period of retrogression. Social and religious questions yielded for a while to the preponderance of a civil and ecclesiastical aristocracy. At the same time, however, the King was forced by the defect in his title and the inherent weakness of his position to yield to the demands of Parliament; and the successful assertion of constitutional rights prepared the way for a more lasting freedom than could have been attained by such premature outbursts as the villein insurrection or the Lollard movement. Mr. Wylie has done good service in setting forth the obscure troubles of the early years of Henry's reign. He has gone to work in the right way, for he has gained his information from the official records of the reign both in print and manuscript. Such an investigation as he has made represents a vast amount of skilful and patient labour. In many places he has broken entirely new ground, and will have the thanks of those who will hereafter enter into his labours. His account of the treasonable intrigue in which the abbots of Colchester, Byleigh, and St. Osythe were concerned shows that he can tell a story with animation; and the more efforts he makes in this direction the better his next volume will be, for one well-drawn picture illustrates the character of the times better than a dozen bare notices of kindred though separate events. In marking some defects in a volume in which there is so much to praise we wish to be considered rather as offering suggestions with regard to a work still in progress than as carping at what has been already done. Investigators of official records are naturally beset by a tendency to overvalue minute details, for it is hard for a man who has caught a fact to throw it back again into the sea of oblivion. In common with certain other historians, Mr. Wylie is inclined to

* *History of England under Henry IV.* By James Hamilton Wylie, M.A., one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. 2 vols. Vol. I. 1399-1404. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

forget that many things that are true are, nevertheless, unimportant. His History would have gained in interest and would not have lost in usefulness had he been strong-minded enough to have refrained from telling us all he had found out. As it is, he seems overwhelmed by a mass of facts, and scarcely ever attempts to rise above them and discuss their significance. This want of grasp is, we cannot but think, partly due also to another cause. He seems to have confined his historical reading too exclusively to his special period, and scarcely to have mastered the general course of English history sufficiently to enable him to deal with one fragment of it as a part of a whole. For example, in speaking of the grant of the office of Constable to Henry Percy, he is misled by the fact that the grantee was not the heir of Humphrey Bohun—whom, by the way, he oddly describes (p. 5) as *Count of Hereford*—and says (p. 23) that “the Constable was of course appointed during the King's pleasure.” The office was, of course, an hereditary dignity; the Duke of Gloucester had held it in virtue of his marriage with one of the co-heiresses of Humphrey Bohun, and the right of the King to make it the subject of a new grant was derived from his marriage with the other. Nor does Mr. Wylie seem to have any clear idea of the history of Convocation or of the position of the clergy as an estate of the realm (p. 36). And, again, in his account of the system of taxation in Henry's reign, he describes the annual sums paid by certain cities and boroughs to the Crown as the price of certain charters, though the payments really were the ancient fee-farm rents. A less serious indication of his having come to his work without much previous preparation is the ugly custom of quoting from his documents morsels of antique spelling that are of no earthly use and only annoy the eye. We hope, too, that in his next volume he will confine himself to prosaic and useful headings to his pages. It is a serious drawback in reading to have one's thoughts continually distracted by an effort to remember the place or context of some disjointed quotation. For the scraps out of Shakspeare's *Henry IV*, there is some excuse; but these are by no means all; and unfortunately it is necessary to remark that to indicate the contents of a page describing the negotiations for the return of Isabella and her dowry by “My Daughter! Oh, My Duccats!” is neither witty nor strictly accurate as a quotation; and that to head the enumeration of the reliques at Constantinople “The True Cross, the Sponge, the Reed,” &c., with “And in a glas he hadde Piggis Bones,” is at least in questionable taste.

The accession of Henry IV. is one among many instances of the way in which we disguise our revolutions. His claim as the heir of Henry III. thinly veiled the fact that his throne depended on a Parliamentary title. Mr. Wylie propounds the strange notion that, by his claim “by the right blood of the good lord King Henry,” he “clearly means that his father and mother were both direct descendants from Henry III.”—a fact too little to the purpose to be stated in the challenge. The words certainly refer to a wrong blood—namely, the descent of the Earl of March through a female—and this is borne out, as Bishop Stubbe remarks (*Cons. Hist.* iii. 12), by the fact that Henry excluded his own daughters from the succession. Nor can Mr. Wylie get rid of the idea that, in some way or other, the King's right was based on conquest—a misconception by which he loses the key to the rapid advance of the power of Parliament under the Lancastrian dynasty. The greatness of the occasion was marked by the creation of forty-six knights at the coronation. It is, however, too much to say that Henry thus instituted the Order of the Bath, a subject to which a whole chapter is devoted, for the bath taken by each of these new knights was an ordinary part of the ceremony of knighthood, though Sir H. Nicolas is doubtless right in treating the rise of the Order as a consequence of this large and special creation. No ceremony, indeed, was too great to mark the real importance of the accession, for it was the beginning of a new era, during which the King reigned in strict obedience to constitutional rules. Henry owed his crown to the Parliament, and sought the support of Parliament in the various troubles that beset him. These troubles soon began. An interesting account is given of the conspiracy of the Earls of Huntingdon, Kent, Salisbury, and Rutland, which certainly caused the death of Richard, of whatever nature that death may have been. This conspiracy was but the beginning of sorrows; for in one form or other the King's struggle with the great nobles went on until the death of the Earl of Northumberland, in 1408. Another element of danger was revealed by the lawless execution of the rebel earls. At Cirencester Kent and Salisbury were beheaded by the mob, and a like fate befell Lord le Despenser at Bristol, and the Earl of Huntingdon at Pleshey. Lawful authority was weak, and riots and deeds of violence filled the land. Some valuable and interesting records are given of the disturbed state of the country in 1400 and 1402. In 1400, for example, we are told how

At Whitwell, in Derbyshire, Robert Rye and others lay in wait for one George Dirkes. Taking the alarm, Dirkes ran into the church, but was followed and murdered at the high altar. The suburbs of Hereford were kept in terror by the raids of a highwayman, named Thomas Byton. Similar alarms were felt at Newent, in Gloucestershire, and at Newenton, near Higham Ferrers. At Colne, in Essex, two monks and a chaplain put themselves at the head of a mob, and attacked the park belonging to the Countess of Oxford. On the 4th of May, 1400, the house of Anise Poydras was broken into and pillaged at Fowthope, near Hereford; while much damage was done to the Bishop of Hereford's domain, at Prestbury.—P. 197.

And so on.

It is only by reading such records as these which Mr. Wylie has gathered from the Patent Rolls that one can gain any idea of the disorderly state of the country and of the terrible need there was

of a strong hand to rule it. While poverty, famine, and political disaffection account for no small part of these disturbances, it would be a mistake to view them altogether apart from the social outbreak of 1381. How far the civil lawlessness of the reign was connected with the Lollard revolt against ecclesiastical authority is a difficult matter to decide. Mr. Wylie believes that at this period, at least, the “Lollard opinions” were not dangerous to civil society. His whole argument on this subject, however, is vitiated by the misconception implied by the terms of his proposition. The question is not necessarily concerned with the character of Wyclif's teaching or the special opinions recanted by this or that Lollard; it must be decided by the part borne by Wyclif's followers in any social or political disturbance. And, remembering what that part was in the reign of Richard, and what it was in the reign of Henry V., we cannot but believe that the disorder of which we have spoken was aggravated by the fierce struggle against authority in spiritual things. Indignation at the cruelty of the King and Archbishop Arundel in ordering the execution of Sawtre has led Mr. Wylie to imply that in England it was only “by heated harangues and wordy arguments that men's thoughts had become familiar” with the idea of burning heretics. Death by burning, however, had long been recognized by our law books as the punishment of heresy, though it is extremely doubtful whether it had been inflicted in England before Sawtre's case. To the troubles of the Government at home were added rebellion in Wales, anarchy in Ireland, war with France and Scotland, and piracy and privateering in the Channel. Some important details are given of the disturbed state of the Welsh border at the time of the outbreak of Owen Glendower, and of the repressive ordinances issued by the Council. Among these gifts or collections for the maintenance of bards were strictly forbidden, and any bard, minstrel, or strolling Welshman found roaming about the country was to suffer a year's imprisonment. The miscellaneous character of our naval force is fully illustrated. At one time the Great Council provided ten ships to meet the threat of a French invasion; at another the Cinque Ports were called on to provide some part of the fleet they were bound to furnish, and in one case the need was so pressing that the forty days' notice they were entitled to receive could not be given. For the invasion of Scotland ships were found by Bristol and other ports on the south and west coasts. On one occasion the Council ordered the towns and villages on the coast to man and equip a fleet at their own cost. The Commons, however, objected to this demand, the orders were withdrawn, and (though Mr. Wylie does not seem aware of it) a precedent was created which was not neglected by St. John and Holborne in their speeches in defence of Hampden. No small part of the naval warfare of the time was carried on by privateers, and it is pleasant to read how four shipowners of Lynn caught the Scottish admiral and King Robert's secretary. Such unsystematic efforts were naturally inadequate to the defence of our coasts or the protection of our coasting trade. In 1403 Sir Thomas Beaufort, Admiral of the North, organized a convoy for the protection of ships trading between the Thames and the Tyne. Constant descents were made upon the south coast both by the French and the Bretons, between whom, by the way, there was something more than a “diplomatic distinction” (p. 384). Once the Bretons landed near Plymouth, and “burned and plundered at their will.” The next year they attacked Dartmouth, but the men of Devon beat them back, slaying their leader, and taking many noble prisoners. By these and other such troubles, and above all by his need of money, the King was kept in constant dependence on the Parliament, and was forced, perhaps not unwillingly, to reign in obedience to the will of the estates of the realm. The mass of details which Mr. Wylie has so laboriously gathered have, therefore, a special significance. They illustrate and explain an important era in the growth of our Constitution and in the development of our national life.

THREE NOVELS.*

LENORE ANNANDALE'S STORY begins with a pretty picture. The heroine is represented as sitting in a swing which hangs from the gnarled and knotted bough of an orchard tree. She is in a brown study, leaning her head dreamily against the hand which grasps the rope, and her deep-looking hazel eyes are fixed on vacancy. The other hand lies upon her lap, and holds a small, well-worn volume, “whose dark-red morocco cover and gilt edges show traces of having been in constant use for many long years.” This brings us to the ninth line and the sixteenth epithet; and about the same number of lines and adjectives serve to describe the declining sun, which covers everything with shimmering gold, and a beautiful young glossy-black collie dog, whose expressive brown eyes “watch the movements of his mistress,” who “had remained motionless for a long while.” The mistress is Lenore, an orphan brought up in the family of the Egremonts, who are themselves orphans under the charge of a preternaturally good brother Philip; and Lenore thinks it high time that she shall help him with his burden. There are younger brothers and sisters who all want placing in the world. One of them has set his heart on the Indian Civil Service. Lenore imagines that if she were to earn

* *Lenore Annandale's Story.* By Evelyn Everett Green. 1 vol. Religious Tract Society.

Out of their Element. By Lady Margaret Majendie. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son.

The Golden Pin; or, a Week of Madness. By Hamilton Seymour and Keith Robertson. 1 vol. London: Blackwood & Sons.

some money as a governess or companion, she could gratify his ambition by sending him to Cooper's Hill. This she eventually does, showing how much is possible in a well-regulated work of fiction which in everyday life would be entirely out of the question. For Terence, who is next in point of age to Philip, and the black sheep of the family, she is prepared to go a great deal further. Terence is "a man in the Army," and this seems to be almost equivalent in Miss Green's eyes to being a very black sheep indeed. She spells Army with a capital letter, possibly thinking of Armageddon and the Apocalypse, and writes of the average British officer as though she were quite sure that he would range himself on the wrong side of the battle referred to in the red morocco volume. Lenore betroths herself to Terence in the laudable attempt to wean him from his wicked ways, and in order to take him off his brother's hands, though by this time she had fully perceived in her own heart "what Philip had grown to her." She has also perceived that Terence has no "ballast"—that is to say, no religion; but this is a deficiency which she would soon have supplied if the unhappy man had not secretly married the daughter of a money-lender within a month or two of his engagement to her. In fact the whole story is occupied with men and women who are perpetually filling other men and women with ballast. Miss Green only once uses this convenient word. Everywhere else she employs the most sacred symbols without hesitation; and we find bound to say that she employs them with needless frequency. The natural effect upon the reader is very much the same as the effect produced on the Israelites by their food in the wilderness. The author, whose story in other respects has merit, makes far too much of her ballast. She meets proposals of marriage with it, recommends it in place of the doctor, brandishes it in the face of brave women who are practising a venial deception to save a hunted man. She coaxes it into all her nice characters, forces it upon all her bad ones, and, if she cannot cram it into them in any other fashion, she smashes them up in a railway accident, or breaks their hearts with some pitiless sorrow, and thus gets at them when they are powerless to resist. The development of the religious tract into the full-blown novel is one of the characteristic tokens of modern literary enterprise, and it is anything but a pleasant token. We are not questioning the right of one person to be officious and pertinacious in trying to make other persons conspicuously pious. What we do question is the wisdom of the means adopted by Miss Green, and the value of the result which she is likely to attain.

It is refreshing to pass from her overheated atmosphere to the cool common sense of *Out of their Element*. Lady Margaret Majendie describes some of the more sober and thoughtful aspects of English county society. Her characters are worldly, but they have a living religion; they love ease and pleasure, but they do good works; they do not lard their conversation with texts and symbols, but neither do they shirk the confession of their faith when necessary or serviceable. The difference of the two methods in fiction is well exemplified in the characters of Lenore Annandale and May Dalton, Lady Margaret Majendie's ministering angel. Both are sweet lovable women, both sacrifice themselves for other people, and their resemblance is marked in various other ways. But May is good without the red morocco, and religious without the ticket. She is not, however, the chief heroine of the story in which she figures. This is her cousin Bianca, the daughter of an Italian count, who is left an orphan on Colonel Dalton's hands, and who pines in the strange English home for her twin brother and her father's compatriots. Bianca is a very carefully and cleverly drawn compound of selfishness and frank innocence; and almost equally well drawn is her cousin several times removed, Sir Arthur St. Leger. Arthur, after falling in love with her, and rescuing her from a clandestine flight, pledges his word that she shall go back to Italy, and then, as the only means of keeping his promise, marries her. The contrast between Bianca out of her element in England and Arthur out of his element in Italy is both effective and artistic; the interest centred in their married life is considerable; and the study of their characters side by side is thoroughly successful. Lady Margaret Majendie has apparently copied this enthusiastic yet selfish Tuscan girl, who would have died for her country, but could not even see the pain which she caused to her English relatives and her husband, from one or more living types. At any rate, the portrait is full of nature and feeling. The love story of Roger Fitzroy and Jacqueline St. Leger, though it may be overdrawn, is excessively humorous. Such men, prosy, pragmatical, good-hearted, and such girls, unformed, skittish, teachable, exist commonly enough. It is not often that Oberon's drop of juice links these incongruous natures; and, when it does, the combination cannot fail to be diverting. But no doubt the picture is overdrawn. Roger is too priggish, Jacqueline is too unformed. It is one of the author's faults to colour a good situation more highly than she need—a fault which perhaps shows itself in the otherwise excellent quarrel of Mrs. Dalton and Lady St. Leger over the engagement of Sir Arthur to Bianca, and in the quaint visit of an Italian music-master at the house of a county magnate "to know whether it was true" that Bianca, now Lady St. Leger, was not coming back again to England. She might also have selected more natural names for Florentine women than Louisa, Celeste, and Adele; nor is there any reason why she should speak of the Piazza "dell Duomo" at one time, and "del Duomo" at another. Whilst we are fault-finding, it may be said that too little has been made of the character of Cecchio from a dramatic point of view. Considering the vital part which he takes in the action of the story,

he should have been either an unnamed assassin or a more defined and familiar personality. But, in spite of drawbacks, the author's last novel is decidedly her best, and shows greater power than we had hitherto given her credit for.

The Golden Pin is a bid for the popular breeze of favour which takes up one shilling mystery and neglects another with impartial absence of discrimination. It is an undramatic jumble in twenty shifts, not without ideas and incidents, but with indifferent construction and grammar, and a mere modicum of originality. The device of killing by means of a long pin, which scarcely leaves a trace behind it, is by no means new, either in fiction or in reality; nor is mesmeric anaesthesia, nor substitution of will, nor anticipation of events in trance or dream, nor any of the little mysteries patched together in this volume. The clumsiness of the patching is extraordinary. The narrative begins with a prologue, concerning which the author says, "I am doubtful whether I should have written this explanation at all, as the story is complete in itself. I will, however, let it stand; it may serve some purpose." The purpose which it serves, together with the corresponding epilogue at the end, is to make up just one-third of the book, to create a fictitious reality outside the fictitious mystery of "the story," to introduce into this reality the characters and circumstances of the mystery, and to convert what was described as a superfluous explanation into the essence and groundwork of the whole production. Messrs. Seymour and Robertson have plainly very little idea of what is requisite in the composition of a story. Their ideas on other subjects are equally hazy. The hero, a young doctor just settling down to practice in a Northern suburb, is called in as a specialist to consult on the case of a wealthy patient of a West End physician; and immediately afterwards the physician abandons his patient. The villain of the piece is "a Mephistophilis" with large, luring eyes, who alternately mesmerizes the girls in a London school and assists the *goumous* of Paris to get rid of their rich relations. This may suffice to show the intending reader of *The Golden Pin* what kind of savour he is about to take upon his tongue.

INDIAN RAILWAYS.*

SIR WILLIAM ANDREW holds the happy position of Chairman to an Indian Railway Company which receives from the Government guaranteed interest on its capital at the rate of five per cent. per annum, while its annual earnings have never reached that amount. The Sind, Punjab, and Delhi Railway, which is 580 miles in length, cost 16,413*l.* per mile, it has been working since 1861, and it has received from the Indian taxpayers 6*½* millions in excess of its earnings for division amongst its shareholders, and it may be safely said that this debt will never be repaid, and will continue to increase. From this vantage-ground Sir William endeavours to persuade the public that the system under which his railway was constructed is the best of all possible systems. With this object he has republished a work which first saw the light in 1846, and has added a new and lengthy preface, with appendices some new and some old. To prove the great advantages which have been conferred on India by roads and railways by describing the condition of the country before it even had decent roads was not a difficult task, and it may be admitted that the system initiated by Lord Dalhousie of constructing railways by private capital raised under a high guarantee of interest by the State was at that time the only practicable method by which the money could have been obtained. But a much more detailed and careful examination of the results than has been made by Sir William Andrew is requisite before we can join with him in condemning the policy adopted by Lord Lawrence in 1869 of constructing railways directly by State agency, and of adopting a less ambitious gauge than 5 ft. 6 in. for the new lines. Nobody denies that railways on this gauge are more efficient than those on the metre gauge—that is, they are capable of carrying a heavier traffic and offer greater accommodation for passengers. Sir William Andrew may be quite correct in stating that "any one who has travelled on Indian railways can testify to the comfort, speed, and steadiness with which long railway journeys are performed in India; the ordinary carriages in England are not to be compared for comfort in long journeys with those in use in India." The question is whether the advantages given by the 5 ft. 6 in. gauge are indispensable, and, if not, whether India can afford to pay for them. The inconvenience of a break of gauge is also admitted, although there are different opinions as to the degree of the inconvenience. But here, again, the question is whether uniformity of gauge may not be too dearly purchased. The absolute uniformity of gauge of which Sir William Andrew is such an ardent advocate is past praying for. Out of the 10,832 miles open for traffic on the 31st of March last, while 7,315 were on the 5 ft. 6 in. gauge, no less than 3,349 were on the metre gauge. A further length of 3,458 miles had at that date been sanctioned, of which only 717 were to be made on the broad gauge and 2,666 on the metre gauge, though possibly the gauge of some of these lines has not been finally determined. We may here mention that there are about 170 miles of line on exceptional gauges—namely, 4 ft., 2½ ft., and 2 ft., the last being a mountain tramway. The 5 ft. gauge has been adopted on all the old guaranteed lines

* *Indian Railways, as connected with British Empire in the East.* By Sir William F. Andrew, C.I.E., &c., Chairman of the Sind, Punjab, and Delhi Railway Company. Fourth Edition. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1884.

except one, and on the State extensions, connexions, and branches of those lines. The metre gauge occupies the whole Rajputana-Malwa system, which is being extended to Firozpoor in one direction and to Cawnpoor in another, forming a connected network of 1,677 miles, of which all but 280 are open for traffic. It is also being adopted for the system north of the rivers Gogra and Ganges, extending into Assam, and for the Southern Mahratta system, while it is the gauge of the South Indian Railway, one of the guaranteed lines.

The line from Nagpur to Chhatisgarh, 150 miles in length, has been constructed on the metre gauge. Sir William Andrew informs us that this line will be pulled up, as it will form a portion of the projected line to Calcutta. This line has, however, in its first year earned over seven per cent. on the capital outlay, and may yet escape the doom prophesied for it. The broad-gauge lines had cost, up to the end of 1883, no less than 16,773*l.* per open mile, while the metre-gauge lines had cost 6,875*l.* per open mile, or little more than 40 per cent. of the cost of the broad-gauge lines. It is true that most of the broad-gauge lines were constructed on an extravagant scale and before experience had been acquired; but, making due allowance for this and for the fact that the price of rails has recently greatly diminished, it cannot be denied that lines on the metre gauge can be constructed much more cheaply than those on the 5 ft. 6 in. gauge. The difference cannot be taken on the average at less than 25 per cent. The capital required to construct 100 miles of broad-gauge lines would construct at least 125 miles of metre-gauge lines. The necessity for increasing the mileage of railway communication as much as possible will be apparent when we consider the conditions of the country and the traffic. India is essentially an agricultural country, and the lines are required chiefly for the carriage of raw agricultural produce. One great object is, in the words of the Government, to connect the "centres of food production" with "the centres of population." Now the centres of food production consist of large tracts of country. The cost of carriage by road to the railways is very heavy. Sir William Andrew gives it at not less than 4*d.* per ton per mile by cart, and more by pack bullocks, camels, and ponies. The actual average cost of hauling one ton of goods one mile by railway is from $\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $\frac{3}{4}d.$ It is therefore of great importance to bring the railways as near as possible to the places of production, which are spread over large tracts of country. Every additional mile of railway that can be made is of great value for this purpose. Hence a *prima facie* case is made out for the construction of railways as cheaply as possible. Against this view two arguments are urged—first, that the metre gauge would be incapable of carrying the traffic where it is heavy; and, second, that the cost of working the metre-gauge lines is heavier than that of working the broad-gauge lines. Both these arguments are traversed by the advocates of the metre gauge. They state that lines on this gauge are capable of carrying all the traffic that they can ever be called on to carry, and that moreover experience has proved that they can be worked even cheaper than broad-gauge lines under similar conditions of traffic. With a proper supply of rolling stock, station accommodation, and crossing places, the time when the traffic shall exceed the capacity of even a single metre-gauge line to deal with it cannot be foreseen; and, should the traffic arrive at that point, the lines may be doubled where necessary, as has been done already on some of the broad-gauge lines. As for the cost of working, the question has passed out of the region of theory and opinion to that of facts based on actual statistics. Taking the Rajputana-Malwa Railway as a typical metre-gauge system, and comparing it with Sir William Andrew's railway—the Sind, Punjab, and Delhi line—we find that in 1883 the cost of hauling one passenger one mile was in the proportion of 105 for the metre line to 120 for the broad-gauge line; while the cost of hauling one ton of goods one mile was in the proportion of 422 to 424, or about equal. It is important also to note that the Rajputana lines, of which the greater portion have been opened only a few years, in 1883 earned over 6 per cent. on their capital cost, a success unparalleled on any broad-gauge line in the same period of its history. And this success has been attained in spite of the fact that the broad-gauge lines, coming first into the field, naturally selected the best routes for traffic. The question of break of gauge resolves itself into this—Are the inconveniences of break of gauge so great as to outweigh the advantage of the saving effected by the adoption of a narrower gauge? The Select Committee of the House of Commons has expressed its opinion as follows:—"All the leading trunk lines, with their principal feeders, should be on the broad-gauge, the metre-gauge being, as a rule, confined to tracts of country where that system is already in successful operation, and to local lines where the traffic is likely to be so light that cheapness of construction more than counterbalances the undoubtedly disadvantages of break of gauge." The question at once arises what is meant by trunk lines, and what lines in India answer to that description? A trunk line may be said to be one on which a large proportion of the traffic is carried through from one terminus to the other. Can this be said, for instance, of a line from Calcutta to Bombay? So far as we can learn, there is no evidence whatever that, with the exception of first-class passengers and their servants, mails and parcels, any traffic whatever can be carried from Calcutta to Bombay or from Bombay to Calcutta, except at a far heavier cost than it can be carried by sea. Taking Nagpur as a centre, no doubt there may be considerable traffic from there towards Bombay in one direction and

Calcutta in the other. But this would not answer to the description of one trunk line, but rather to that of two trunk lines with a common terminus at Nagpur. Then, again, which are the lines on which cheapness of construction will not more than counterbalance the disadvantages of break of gauge? Here, again, is a grand field for differences of opinion which must, or ought to be, decided by the light of ascertained economical facts, and not by sentimental preferences by first-class passengers for exceptional comfort in travelling.

The Select Committee has collected a mass of evidence which has not yet been published. Those who take an interest in the questions we are discussing will no doubt study this evidence, and will be careful to distinguish theoretical opinions from statistical facts. The Committee, while indicating the views it has arrived at, has been careful not to lay down hard-and-fast rules. Its recommendations leave the hands of the executive Government practically unfettered. In this the Committee has shown wisdom. It is impossible for a body such as Parliament to direct with any minuteness the operations of the Secretary of State and the Government of India in the matter of railway construction in India. The attempt to do so in 1879, by limiting the amount to be spent on productive Public Works, has undoubtedly checked and delayed the extension of railways in India to a mischievous degree. We may now fairly hope that, before another widespread drought desolates the country, measures will have been taken to minimize its effects, and that a rapid extension of railway communication will not only bring food to the stricken tracts, but will prove that it is more economical to spend money in this way than in attempting the impossible task of feeding millions of people to whom food cannot be brought.

MULL'S PARADISE LOST.*

SINCE the days when Squire Western d—d Milton, and swore he would have "lent him a douse," we doubt whether the great poet has suffered an indignity equal to that which is put upon him by Mr. Matthias Mull. Not that Mr. Mull wishes to insult him. So far, indeed, is he from even thinking of doing him any wrong that he exults in the belief that he has, to use his own words, "succeeded in clearing the mud off that precious life-blood of a master-spirit"—the *Paradise Lost*. The metaphor, by the way, seems a little mixed; but we will let it pass. He has made, he boasts, a great but a grievous discovery—a discovery which demanded the lapse of more than two centuries and the advent of a Matthias Mull. Full six generations of what we may perhaps call pre-Mullites have lived and died in happy ignorance that "much of the charm and splendour of the lofty epic of the English-speaking race has been buried under a farrago of unmeaning verbiage." "Hardly a suspicion," our editor continues, "being entertained (except by Bentley) that there lurks [in it] a single intrusive and destroying element." The text of *Paradise Lost*, it seems, has hitherto been in much the same state of darkness as were the laws of nature before Newton. A grateful world should henceforth exclaim, parodying Pope's epitaph on that great philosopher, even though the verse should half fit for it:—

Milton and Milton's song lay hid in night,
Heaven said let Mr. Matthias Mull be, and all was light.

His admiration of the poet is undoubtedly sincere; in fact, it is second only to his admiration of himself. How highly Mr. Mull the man thinks of Mr. Mull the editor is shown throughout the preface. Whenever the one makes what he calls an emendation, the other at once sounds his praise. "Observe," he says of one corrected passage, "the vicious blunders I have detected and corrected in the punctuation." Of another passage he writes:—"Let observation be made of the important part that a comma plays where I have introduced it." Of a third he says:—"Carefully observe my omission of the pernicious semicolon point, as well as my introduction of useful parentheses." Another pair of parentheses which he introduces "possess," he assures us, "vital importance." He has "revolutionized the punctuation." His friends have already congratulated him on the specimens of his work that they have seen. One pronounces them as "at once and powerfully recommending themselves"; another writes: "I have no doubt you will be able to let all England know that they have never yet read the real Milton." He prints an extract from an enthusiastic correspondent, who says: "Your work must, I am sure, be a landmark in the history of the literature of this century."

If all that Mr. Mull maintains is true, scarcely a limit can be set on the praise that he has deserved. If, on the other hand, the text of *Paradise Lost* was very much as Milton made it, then he has indeed "lent him a douse"; for all the abuse that he heaps on the poem falls of course on the poet. Instead of clearing mud off, he does in that case his best to throw dirt on. The "farrago of unmeaning verbiage" is Milton's; so are the "prodigies of jargon and absurdity," its "sheer nonsense," and the "palpably ridiculous text." Be his corrections right or wrong—some of them we will presently consider—he would have done well had he in one point

* *Paradise Lost*. By John Milton. The numerous Mutilations of the Text Emended; also the Obnoxious Punctuation entirely Revised, and all collectively presented. With Notes and Preface. Also a Short Essay on the Intellectual Value of Milton's Works, and some Remarks on the Origin of Mutilations. By Matthias Mull, Author of some "Emendations of Shakespeare." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

followed the example that Bentley set. The corrections which that great scholar made, however absurd they may have been, at all events were not thrust into the text. "They are," he said, "cast into the margin and explained in the notes; so that every reader has his free choice, whether he will accept or reject what is here offered him; and this without the least disgust or discontent in the offerer." Mr. Mull not being a scholar has none of a scholar's modesty. He is, to be sure, if we may trust his own account of himself, "saturated with Milton's spirit"; and his "whole intellectual fibre has vibrated to his thought and diction." For all that a little diffidence, added to the saturation and the vibrations, would have been no bad thing. Not content with revolutionizing the punctuation, changing the words, and thrusting lines out here and in there, just as if he were a drill-sergeant sizing recruits, he introduces in the very text explanatory words. A few lines, by way of specimen, will show what kind of a landmark in the history of the literature of this century we here have. This is how we are to read *Paradise Lost* in the future:—

He ended, frowning, and his look denounced [proclaimed]
Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
To no less than God!
On th' other side up rose }
Belial (in act [demeanour] more graceful and humane [courteous])
A fairer person lost not Heaven.—Book II. 105.

In the Table of Explanations we are told that "the bracketed words comprise those which supply or aid the meaning of the word to which each is attached, or they furnish the elliptical word." "I think this innovation," the editor continues, "must command itself." The words in italics show his emendations. In the lines above we are told that the ordinary text "to less than Gods" has been "an insoluble puzzle to every editor." In that case editors are even sillier than we had hitherto thought possible. Mr. Mull charges Bentley with a want of "the poetic susceptibility needful to correct the mutilations which are 'so thick bestrewn'" in the *Paradise Lost*; and he implies that this "poetic susceptibility" is in himself. Bentley, while hoping that his changes may not be found disagreeing from the Miltonian character, said:—

Sunt et mihi carmina; me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores: sed non ego credulus illis.

Mr. Mull, on the contrary, is only too apt to believe the friends who have furnished him with the testimonials which he prints.

From time to time rash editors are sure to be found who will cobble at Milton. "Throughout all his greater works there prevails," to use Johnson's words, "a mode and cast of expression, which is so far removed from common use, that an unlearned reader, when he first opens his book, finds himself surprised by a new language." The result far too commonly is that the book is quickly closed, and remains not only a new, but a dead, language. But there are sure to be men who are puzzled, and even angered, at finding that, where they can understand so much, there are many lines, and even whole passages, of which they can make nothing. Such parts as these are Mr. Mull's "prodigies of jargon and absurdity." What they cannot understand the poet surely can never have written. They at once find consolation for their wounded vanity in his blindness. He had "incompetent scribes" and ignorant printers, who perhaps even "wilfully and wickedly made mutilations." Bentley "imputed the inaccuracies to the obtrusions of a reviser; a supposition rash and groundless," Johnson says, "if he thought it true; and vile and pernicious if, as is said, he in private allowed it to be false." If it is objected that Milton was sure to have done all that a great and most accurate scholar could do to keep his text free from blunders, it is answered that he was blind, and could not detect them. Yet Ellwood tells us that, when he read aloud to him Latin authors, so curious was the blind man's ear that he could tell by his tone when he understood what he read and when he did not. Does Mr. Mull imagine that, when the poet heard the passages in his own poem that are, we are now told, "sheer nonsense and palpably ludicrous," his curious ear lost its cunning? Doubtless some blunders escaped that would have been detected by the eye; but *Paradise Lost*, till the end of all time, will be the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, and not of Milton and Bentley, still less of Milton and Mull.

An acute critic has very well said that editors, in their conjectural emendations, always act on two assumptions—first, that the author in each case used the best word; secondly, that the editor knows what that word is. Now he who would mend Milton must have Milton's learning. To quote Bentley's lines:—

Who studies ancient laws and rites,
Tongues, arts, and arms, and history,
Must drudge, like Selden, days and nights,
And in the endless labour die.

Vast learning Bentley, at all events, brought to his task, and thereby was saved from the blunders into which his successor and rival has so absurdly fallen. How the great scholar would have chuckled over the emendation of the lines in which Belial tells how he and the rebellious angels

Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds.—Book II. 180.

The second line is thus given in Mr. Mull's text:—

Each on his rod transfixed, &c.

As a kind of comment he adds, "Rod, undoubtedly, meaning his spear or weapon."

Lord Macaulay's fourth-form schoolboy would with a smile have translated to him Virgil's lines:—

Illum exspirantem transfixo pectore flammam
Turbine corripuit, scopuloque infixit acuto.—Æneid I. 45.

We should, perhaps, be thankful that our editor has not gone a little further and written, "Each with his rod well whipped"; adding, "Undoubtedly—the devils carried rods to whip sinners, and so it was only fitting that they should be themselves whipped each with his own rod."

We pass to Book IV. 776-778:—

Now had night measured with her shadowy cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim, &c.

Mr. Mill, changing *hill* into *all*, and *ivory* into *rocky*, complacently remarks:—"The first emendation is obviously right. The other has this justification, that in lines 542-544 the gate is described as 'a rock of alabaster,' and in line 549 'between these rocky pillars' was the entrance." The ivory gates, the *valvas eburnas* of the classical poets, it is clear he has never heard of; and yet he presumes to correct Milton. Nothing is more exquisitely amusing than his complete satisfaction with himself. He deals with the famous passage in the Second Book, where Chaos is described, and he certainly makes confusion worse confounded. "I personify 'Confusion,'" he says, "a change which makes the sentence brilliantly luminous, which supplies further dignity to it." In Book III. 398, he changes "Son of thy Father's might" into "Sword of thy Father's might," and adds, "There is an undeniable charm in this restoration, which the authority of no 'original' copy can possibly nullify." He makes a still more daring change in Book V. 478-482:—

So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aery, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes.

Mr. Mull is, we presume, a teetotaller, for "spirits odorous," he says, "is simply nauseous." He corrects the vulgarity that clearly suggests to him a gin-palace by putting a dash after flower and giving the last three words as *spirits' odorous breath*. In line 790 of the same book he corrects "Natives and sons of Heaven." "All the editions," he writes, "have *Natives*, which is a vulgar error." Perhaps it suggests to him Colchester oysters, and so is as nauseous even as the "odorous spirits." To go back to Book II., he corrects line 815, where the world has hitherto been content to read:—

She finished, and the subtle fiend his lore
Sore learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth.

His reading is:—

She finished, and the subtle Fiend—his lust
Sore learned!—now milder, and thus answered smooth.

By way of comment he remarks, "That it was *sore* indeed to him is evident by the vastly altered tone of his rejoinder to the Portress." Those two beautiful lines:—

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies

(Book V. 175),

he horribly mauls by reading:—

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest,
With the fixed Stars, fixed their orbs, that rest.

On this change he remarks "there is the exceeding beauty of the antithesis:—

Moon that now fliest
The fixed Stars that rest."

But this, he says, "of course would go for nothing unless there were inherent and convincing force in the change made." "Let observation be made," he continues, "of the important part that a comma plays where I have introduced it, after 'orbs'." Mr. Mull in his exultation is not afraid, it should seem, at having quoted against him Pope's lines:—

Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.

However, as he sets the comma exactly wrong, to him the lines cannot be properly applied. We had marked many other passages no less ridiculous than those we have quoted, but space fails us. Though, as we have already said, future editors with their emendations and revised texts are sure to arise, yet we trust that some years may pass before we find another added to the list of those rash and ignorant men, who ventured to lay violent hands on Milton—

And with their darkness durst affront his light.

THE HIBBERT LECTURES, 1884.*

DESPITE the many ingenious hypotheses which have been put forward on eminent authority to prove that the religions and civilizations of America must be the fruit of some fortuitous immigration of civilized men from the Old World, it is very generally admitted that hitherto this work of affiliation has remained entirely abortive. It would, in fact, seem useless labour to seek elsewhere than in America for the germs from which were

* *Lectures on the Native Religions of Mexico and Peru.* By A. Réville, D.D., Professor of the Science of Religions at the Collège de France. Translated by F. H. Wicksteed, M.A. London: Williams & Norgate. 1884.

developed the highly organized theocracies found flourishing in the sixteenth century in Mexico and Peru.

But though the theories of the earlier travellers and of many later historians must now be regarded as erroneous, these theories seemed in many ways not ill-founded, and were by no means devoid of plausibility; since so many of the beliefs and customs described by the conquerors of Peru and Mexico perform recalled analogous phenomena among the various religions of the Old World. But then, in the first place, the doctors signally failed to agree as to the parentage of this marvellous offspring. Every country, from within the Pillars of Hercules to beyond the Wall of China, was in turn credited with being the fatherland of the Children of the Sun. And secondly, when the beliefs and symbols which were considered as identical with those current in the Old World came to be more closely examined, the points of resemblance were discovered to be generally fortuitous, while the differences were so characteristic as, in truth, to be more remarkable than the numerous coincidences. Thus the Mexican cross, it was found, was but the symbol of the four winds of heaven; the Peruvian convents were not instituted for prayer and mortification, but solely to furnish a supply of recruits for the harem of the Inca; while the rites which reminded the Spaniards so forcibly of the sacraments of communion, baptism, and confession were performed by the Peruvians without any idea of moral regeneration. With the subjects of the Inca the object of the so-called communion was merely to insure to the communicants safety, and well-being, as the result of their union with the Sun; the immersion of infants was but a form of exorcism destined to secure the child from the malign influence of the evil spirits; while confession had no moral purpose in view, but was merely an institution of the Peruvian State destined to enable its police to discover sins of omission and commission, which could not fail to bring misfortune upon the land were the appropriate penances neglected. In short, everything would tend to prove that the civilization both of Peru and of Mexico must be regarded as in each case indigenous, and independently developed by causes analogous to those which in their turn have produced a similar phenomenon in the Old World. Had either of the American civilizations been other than truly autochthonous, had either been derived from the other, or eastwards from Europe or westwards from Asia, how, it may be asked, was it that the Peruvian traditions failed to betray their connexion with those of Mexico and Central America? and how, above all, shall we account for the entire ignorance of the art of writing among both Peruvians and Mexicans? For the art of writing, which in the Old World has seemed an indispensable requirement among members of civilized State, is represented in the New World by the hieroglyphs of Mexico and the mnemonic *quipos* of Peru, the latter knotted threads and the former rude pictures, on the interpretation of which it would seem that the learned priests themselves were often at fault. In any case, these contrivances were never employed by the vulgar in the commerce of daily life, but were literally *hieroglyphs*, "sacred writings," and were used by the priests alone.

For the purposes of the Hibbert Lectures, for "testing the value of the explanations of religious ideas and practices deduced from the comparative study of religions," M. Réville is greatly to be congratulated in choosing for his subject the native religions of Mexico and Peru. While treating in some detail of the strange and grotesque features here presented to our view, it is his aim throughout to show us "how the same fundamental logic of the human mind asserts itself across a thousand diversities; . . . that all is justified by some underlying principle; and that 'that idiot of a word,' *chance*, is never anything but a veil for our ignorance." M. Réville is at much pains during the course of his investigations and comparisons to trace each of the principal myths of the New World back to its natural basis, showing, for instance, how Uitzilopochtli, the monstrous idol of the Aztecs, still bears about him the marks of his ancient nature as a humming-bird, the messenger of the sun, and the herald of spring. His erudition seldom fails him, but in matters of detail we often find some difficulty in fully agreeing in M. Réville's many ingenious identifications. The etymology of the dialects spoken by the ancient Aztecs and Peruvians is a study as yet too much in its infancy to afford any very sure foundation on which to build. Our learned author is certainly poetical, and may be perfectly correct, in giving as the clue to the mythic origin of *Tlazolteotl*, the Aztec Venus, that "she must have been the aquatic vegetation of the marsh lands possessed by the God of Waters till the sun dries her up and she disappears"; but surely all this is hardly vouched for by the fact that her other name was *Xochiquetzal*, the Flower Plume, and that, though the wife of *Tlaloc*, the Rain God, she was loved and carried off by Tezcatlipoca, the Sun of the Winter Season. For there is nothing in her myth to show us why or how *Tlazolteotl* (the Goddess of Sensuality) should arise, in particular, out of aquatic vegetation, or be in any special manner connected therewith. But, if occasionally sceptical as regards some of M. Réville's speculations in the domain of solar myths and their application to the gods of the New World, we can cordially agree with him in his many interesting remarks on the questions of the original import of *Sacrifice* and of *The History of the Temple*. As illustrated by the native religions of Mexico and Peru, each of these subjects assumes a novel aspect, and the conclusions drawn will be especially interesting to those who have already studied the matter from the point of view of the Aryan and Semitic religions. We will not, however, attempt to condense the argument or quote the

illustrations by which M. Réville supports his theories, but must refer our readers to his lectures, where the question will be found discussed in some detail. As the lecturer points out in conclusion, the study of the religious beliefs of the Aztecs in Mexico, and of the subjects of the Incas in Peru, shows very clearly that, as in the Old World, and in spite of characteristic differences, mythology in the New World is ever subject to the laws of evolution and transformation. The history of the religious development of humanity appears everywhere the same; everywhere we discover the same principles and the same methods of deduction; and the more we investigate the conditions under which the various religions have been evolved, the more are we prone to recognize the universal character of the laws concerned.

THE BLACK REPUBLIC.*

SIR SPENSER ST. JOHN'S account of Hayti is no mere traveller's book, hastily compiled after a flying visit to the island, but is the deliberate record of twenty years' experience, including a residence there of more than twelve years. Sir Spenser was brought up under Rajah Brooke, and is not conscious of ever having felt any repugnance to any of his fellow-creatures on account of difference of complexion. He gathered around himself a band of black and coloured friends, with whom he lived in familiar and kindly intercourse during his residence at Port-au-Prince, so that his conclusions as to the capabilities and tendency of the negro race are entitled to full weight as those of an experienced and impartial observer. It is certainly disheartening reading for any believer in the doctrine of development, or for any friend of the African race. The result of twenty years' personal knowledge is the impression that the country is in a state of rapid decadence, and that, in spite of the civilizing elements round them, there is a distinct tendency to sink into the state of an African tribe. It is startling, for instance, to find that in a republic which is not situated in a desolate region of Central Africa, but which is surrounded by and in intercourse with a civilized community, cannibalism should be rampant at the present day. Sir Spenser finds himself reluctantly obliged to agree with those who deny that the negro could ever originate a civilization, and that, with the best of education, he remains an inferior type of man. The population consists of about nine-tenths black to one-tenth coloured; but, owing to continual breeding in and in, the latter are gradually assimilating to the more numerous race. This is the more to be regretted, as the mulatto element, which is the civilizing element in Hayti, is daily becoming of less importance, and the coloured men have blindly resisted the only thing which could have saved them—namely, to encourage whites to settle in their country. Between the black and the mulatto there is a very marked line; the black hates the mulatto, and the mulatto despises the black. A negro Minister once remarked to Sir Spenser St. John, "We blacks and whites like and respect each other, because we are of pure race; but as for those mulattoes —." This contempt of the black is bitterly resented by the mulattoes, and too often leads them to quench in blood their outraged feelings. They have many of the defects and few of the good qualities of the two races; the saying that "They hate their fathers and despise their mothers" is a key to their character.

Sir Spenser gives an unattractive description of the capital, Port-au-Prince, as the most foul-smelling, dirty, and consequently fever-stricken city in the world; the state of the roads, even in its vicinity, is illustrated by the saying that you should go round a bridge, but never cross it. The climate is of the ordinary tropical character, but there are plenty of health resorts accessible if only roads and good government existed. Neither the space available nor the interest of the subject warrant more than a rapid survey of the history of Hayti, as given by Sir Spenser St. John. Santo Domingo, of which island Hayti occupies about a third, was the first land in America on which Columbus established a settlement. It was then estimated to contain a native population of about one million, all of whom were so completely extirpated by the barbarous policy of the Spaniards that at the present day not a descendant of an Indian remains. Deprived of population, its mineral and agricultural wealth were necessarily neglected, and the buccaneers soon inflicted on the Spaniards some of the misery which the latter had worked on the Indians. Notwithstanding efforts to prevent them, French adventurers gradually spread through the western end of the island, and established a rule, which was, however, not recognized by Spain till the end of the seventeenth century. Negroes were imported by thousands from the coast of Africa to supply the place of the Indians, and from that date the colony increased in prosperity till, at the breaking out of the French Revolution, it was for its extent probably the richest in the world. The effect of the French Revolution was to let loose all the elements of disorder in the island. The white planters, irritated by a decree granting equal political rights to the freedmen, were in arms for independence; the coloured were still faithful to France, while the blacks cared only to be free from work, and with that object to murder all the whites. Toussaint, a negro slave, gradually worked his way to the front, and restored order by his vigour and honesty, but did not venture boldly to proclaim the independence of the island. An expedition to restore slavery was sent against

* *Hayti; or, the Black Republic.* By Sir Spenser St. John, K.C.M.G., formerly H.M. Minister Resident in Hayti. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1884.

it by Bonaparte; Toussaint was arrested under circumstances of the greatest treachery, and sent to France, where he was imprisoned, and died of cold and neglect. Meanwhile the French expedition, decimated by yellow fever, was forced to surrender and withdraw. The independence of Hayti was proclaimed in 1804, with Dessalines, a negro devoid of any sentiment of humanity, as Governor-General; his first act was a ferocious massacre of all Frenchmen, including their wives and children. In the following year he imitated the example of Bonaparte and had himself proclaimed Emperor, but was shot not long after by some insurgents. His death was the signal for a long civil war, and a succession of African savages took the titles of president, king, or emperor. Whenever any coloured chief showed the slightest desire to modify any legislation hostile to foreigners, the cry was raised that he was about to sell the country to the whites, and thus many improvements were prevented. In 1861 the Dominicans returned to the allegiance of Spain, and gave great trouble to the Hayti President Geffrard until 1865, when Spain finally abandoned Santo Domingo, and the Dominican Republic was restored. The Government of Hayti is in form Republican, with Secretaries of State, a Senate, and a House of Representatives; but it is, in fact, a military despotism, all power being concentrated in the hands of the President. His power is tempered by the risk of revolution, and in fact, only one has yet carried through his term of office without being either exiled or shot. The most interesting chapter is that which treats of Vaudoux worship and the cannibalism which too often accompanies its rites. Sir Spenser St. John produces evidence that all classes are tainted with this brutalizing worship, though not necessarily with cannibalism, which appears to be an esoteric rite. Vaudoux signifies an all-powerful being on whom everything depends. This being is the non-venomous serpent, who communicates his will through a high-priest and priestess, to disobey whom is to disobey God himself. The rites are conducted at dead of night, and attended by the grossest debauchery. There are, however, two sects, one who delight only in the blood of goats and cocks at their ceremonies, and the other who call for the flesh and blood of the "goat without horns," or human victims. Not only are children decoyed and people buried alive and resuscitated in order to obtain victims; but it is asserted on good authority that instances have occurred of human flesh being openly sold in the market. A more pleasant subject to turn to is the chapter on language and literature, in which Sir Spenser St. John gives specimens of Creole songs and proverbs. But few of them possess any originality, and the language and versification, though interesting from its quaintness, justifies the remark of Sir Spenser that they afford another proof that everything in Hayti is in a state of decay.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

IT is late in the day to be noticing the *Boyle Lectures* for 1866; but it is probable that if Dean Plumptre were re-writing them for delivery next month, he would only have to correct them up to date—i.e. to mention new books, and some new phases of old objections, and not to re-cast his old Apology. For the craving and the denial with which he deals are not new, nor is the remedy. Among the most prominent religious features of the day he finds the craving for unity; among its most marked intellectual tendencies a refusal to recognize the supernatural. The schisms of Christendom are not to be healed by ecclesiastical diplomats met in council and formulating an ultimatum, but by adoring love of a living Christ as a common bond; nor will materialist theories be answered by "phrases which have lost their meaning, and formulae from which the life has gone." His aim is, therefore, to vindicate the life of Christ as of one who is the crown and perfection of humanity, and yet the representative of a creed inseparably interwoven with the supernatural. He is, of course, inevitably argumentative, but even in the crucial chapters on miracles and the Resurrection he is true to his self-imposed limits of forbear-

* *Christ and Christendom. The Boyle Lectures for the Year 1866.* By E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Dean of Wells. London: Griffith & Farran.

Theology and Life. By E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Dean of Wells. London: Griffith & Farran.

Biblical Studies. By E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Dean of Wells. London: Griffith & Farran.

What is of Obligation for a Catholic to Believe concerning the Inspiration of the Canonical Scriptures? By Cardinal Newman. London: Burns & Oates.

Christianity in its Cradle. By Francis William Newman, once Fellow of Balliol College. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

Primary Charge. Two Addresses delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Durham by J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co.

Present-day Tracts—The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel. By F. Godet, D.D., Professor of Theology, Neufchâtel. London: The Religious Tract Society.

The Witness of St. Matthew. By F. J. B. Allnatt, B.D., Rector of Drummondville, Quebec. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Travels in Faith from Tradition to Reason. By Robert C. Adams. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

The Contemporary Pulpit. Vol. I. January to June, 1884. London: Office of the "Contemporary Pulpit."

Light from the Lowly. By the Rev. Francis Butiña, S.J. Translated from the Spanish, by the Rev. W. McDonald, D.D. 2 vols. Dublin: Gill & Son. 1884.

Some Notes on the Book of Psalms. by the Rev. John A. Cross, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

ance; and, while putting forward old proofs and new suggestions with the learning and force which might be expected of him, he does not forget that it is the preacher's task to convince, and not to refute. Dean Plumptre's *Boyle Lectures* are not likely soon to be out of date.

Theology and Life is the title of a volume of sermons, first published in 1865, of which the present volume is a reissue in a cheaper form. They are marked by the Dean's well-known characteristics of kindness and liberality, by a style which invites the reader, and by a knowledge both of books and men. The sermon on "The Ministry of Great Cities" is an admirable instance of his power of wide survey, his insight into the difficulties and temptations of the younger clergy (to whom it was addressed), and his sympathy with varying expressions of religious feeling. Readers of sermons will find much to inform and attract them and nothing to offend in this little book; and there are few among the clergy who would not find their literary style improved and the scope of their preaching enlarged by its study.

Genuine literary, as distinguished from religious, interest in the Bible is rare enough to entitle a book like *Biblical Studies* to a word of special commendation. Picking up facts incidentally mentioned and allusions for the most part unnoticed, the author follows the by-paths of history, and from scanty materials is often able to construct a more than plausible narrative and clothe a skeleton with flesh and muscle. "The earthquake" which dates the prophecy of Amos becomes associated with Jewish life when the impression it has made is traceable in the imagery of Isaiah; and "Mannaen, foster-brother of Herod the Tetrarch" (a mere name to most readers), by the help of Dean Plumptre's imagination and insight, appears virtually as the representative of Christianity at Herod's court and the source of St. Luke's accurate knowledge of the Herodian family. It will be remembered that they must have met at Antioch, St. Luke's supposed birthplace or residence, and where Manaen changed one name for another—Herodian for Christian. This paper is a good specimen of the author's style and power, and a good illustration of the way in which true histories suggest more than they tell, and drop hints which, being pursued, help to verify the main record. Readers with a similar interest in the Bible to the Dean's will thank us for drawing their attention to this volume.

It seems that an inadvertent Professor of his own communion has attacked Cardinal Newman for his recent article on the "Inspiration of Scripture" in the *Nineteenth Century*. He might have known better, and saved himself from a castigation which will probably make him wiser another time. In the opinion of the Cardinal the Professor is neither "over-courteous nor over-exact," and misrepresents him; and he thinks that his "ecclesiastical station might advantageously have suggested criticism in a milder tone." The interest of this short paper consists in the unimpaired subtlety of a powerful mind, which can so unreservedly submit itself to authority, and in the writer's intellectual attitude towards the subject under discussion. There are characteristic refinements, such as "not to accept a statement as a literal fact is not all one with saying that it is not a fact; a man can *not hold* without *holding not*," but the Cardinal's belief about inspiration is made tolerably clear. He accepts the plenary inspiration of Scripture on matters of faith and morals, and in historical narrative which is meant to be serious history; but there are *obiter dicta*, such as "the cloak left at Troas," which may be "passed by" without professing "yes or no." In other words, inspiration is plenary in *omnibus partibus*, but plenary for a special purpose, faith and morals being the mission assigned to the writers. Scripture may be fully inspired in *omnibus partibus* without being so in *omnibus rebus*. This is, we believe, a fair summary of the Cardinal's belief, but a reviewer may be excused for having a wholesome fear of the consequences of misrepresenting him.

Christianity in its Cradle is one more illustration of the gulf which divides the brothers Newman. Mr. F. W. Newman appears to have had a double motive in writing—one, to introduce a new system of spelling, and the other to inaugurate a new religion. The modern outcry, it seems, is for a religion free from superstition, and not based on historical error, and the only way to escape historical error is to "avoid history altogether." The object of the new religion is to make men better, and to teach them to love virtue for its own sake; the interests of this life are to be of primary importance; the less we think of any future reward the better, and good action is to be more highly esteemed than right opinion. These are the essentials of the new religion, and some of them at least suggest that Mr. Newman has not altogether "avoided history" in their compilation, but as they sufficiently indicate the manner in which he has dealt with the Gospels and the Book of Acts we have given his conclusion instead of his premisses. Those who are familiar with his views will be able to assign their negative as well as their positive value to his essentials.

Much was naturally expected from Bishop Lightfoot's charge, and his clergy have received a good deal of sagacious counsel if not much definite direction. The Bishop appears to see both sides of a question with judicial impartiality, and his manner is to state them, and to leave the choice to his clergy with a general precept of moderation. Nevertheless, he speaks out plainly on some burning questions; he voted for the Burials Bill and has never since seen cause to regret it; he is for many reasons against the institution of a permanent diaconate, and as for vestments, history tells him that they are absolutely unimportant; in themselves "not worth contending for or against." He does not like the Public Worship

Regulation Act because it promotes "rigidity," but the clergy of the freest Church in the world have not much to complain of. About the real work and the capacities of the Church he speaks with an enthusiasm which should commend him to the most ardent Churchmen.

In his argument for the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel, Professor Godet perhaps lays rather too much stress on the writer's statements about himself for strictly controversial writing, but he has arrayed the external and internal evidence for the orthodox view in a brief and lucid statement, and with attractive simplicity and devoutness of feeling. This would be a useful little tract for young students.

The Witness of St. Matthew is an attempt to show that an inspired plan governs the contents and arrangement of the narrative; that the special object of this Gospel is to set forth the Royalty of the Son, and that its special theme is the kingdom of heaven. In a style of mingled comment and exhortation the author pursues these ideas with minute fidelity to every indication, and with a sometimes fanciful employment of symbolism. He finds, for instance, a mystic meaning in the names Abraham and David, which head the genealogy, and a spiritual significance in its divisions into groups of fourteen generations, double of the mystic number 7, and in their being multiplied by the "equally significant number" 3.

Readers of the *Nemesis of Faith* will find nothing particularly new in the experiences of the author of *Travels in Faith*. The discipline of his childhood is a sufficient account of his mature conclusions, and the last pages of the book are a natural consequence of the first chapter. It is indeed a history rather of reaction than of progress. Brought up in the hot-bed atmosphere of a Calvinistic household he soon caught the morbid taint, and the "all-overshadowing memory of his early life is the striving for conversion;" a little sister of twelve finds that her short life has been twelve long years of sin against God, but the author when trying to convince himself of his "ruined state by nature" has to "rely for agony upon Adam's transgression," having no heinous sins of his own upon his conscience. *Ex pede Herculem*. The reader can easily guess the effect of such surroundings, backed up by the inevitable accompaniments of special providences, and the whole artificial apparatus of a narrow theology for saving the elect from the consequences of their sin. Theodore Parker and Tom Paine begin the work which is completed by Professor Huxley and Herbert Spencer, and the result is as usual. Theological opinions unsupported by the inspiration of a *Life* and by the bond of a visible society fail before wider knowledge of men and books, and the "traveller" arrives at the conviction that he is not undermining the building of goodness by destroying Christianity. He is evidently an able and honest man, and the constant regret of the reader will be that he was not more sensibly brought up.

The Contemporary Pulpit is apparently the first volume of a new venture. It contains about forty sermons delivered in the first six months of this year by preachers, Anglican, Roman, and Nonconformist, running down the whole theological gamut from Cardinal Manning to Dr. Parker. Most of the writers are so well known to the public that it is unnecessary to say anything about their contributions, nor is it necessary to say anything about their volume, except that it is well printed and well bound, and shows what an easy thing it is to manufacture a book. Who is likely to buy such an *olla podrida* is another question.

With the object of showing that only in "Catholicity does labour find its true grandeur," and of fortifying Catholic workmen against "subversive doctrines" the Rev. Francis Butiua, S.J., has published two volumes of Lives of Saints in humble stations, culled from the Bollandists, Ruinart, Alban Butler, and Baronius. The book is published in Dublin, with the imprimatur of Cardinal MacCabe, and it is to be hoped that it will have one of its desired effects in that country. The lives are many of them trivial, some mere fables, and when they are offered as if they were the highest truths of religion, it does not seem to occur to the compiler to ask himself how long their influence is likely to last, nor what is likely to be the reaction from such teaching.

Mr. Cross's *Notes on the Psalms* are too vague for notes and too slight for a commentary. A book of "notes" that can be read through in twenty minutes should have no reflections, and a good deal more and more accurate information than this one.

ENGLAND AND CANADA.*

MR. FLEMING had been Chief Engineer of the Inter-Colonial Railway for ten years, when in 1880 political, or rather party, exigencies compelled him to sever all official connexion with it; but when he was in London last summer he received a telegram from the President of the railway requesting him to proceed to British Columbia as soon as possible. Of his seventeen weeks' journey this book gives an interesting record. Mr. Fleming has a strong opinion of his own as to the line which should be followed by the Pacific Railroad; and he is, moreover, firmly convinced that the enterprise should be undertaken by Government, and not by a private Company. And he gives for his preference of national to commercial control clear and excellent reasons. The spirit of party would seem to be a greater blight,

if possible, in the atmosphere of Canadian political life than it is in that of the mother-country. Mr. Fleming, like many wise men of many nations, doubts whether a representative form of government is always and in all cases an unmixed blessing. "Is," he pathetically asks, "representative government ever to be inseparable from the defects which form the most striking feature in its application and administration, especially on this continent? Must a country constitutionally governed be inevitably ranged in two hostile camps? Never was partyism more abject or remorseless than in the Dominion." But, sound and sensible as are Mr. Fleming's political reflections, and weighty as are the reasons which he gives for his engineering views and preferences, it is chiefly in the character of a healthy-minded, genial gentleman, and as the narrator of his own travelling experiences, that he presents himself to us, and that we learn to regard him. His kindly small talk, which only the cynical or bilious would libel as twaddle, sets us at ease with him almost from the opening pages. We knew before we read Mr. Fleming's book several of the facts narrated in it. But it is always pleasant to have our experiences corroborated by a man whose judgment we respect. We are glad to know that we are not alone in thinking that locomotion has been made much more pleasant and expeditious than it was half a century ago; that the electric telegraph is in existence; that the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's are objects of interest in London, and that the Royal Academy is worth a visit, though a picture by Mr. Arthur Croft was the only painting which Mr. Fleming cared for in the Exhibition of 1883. We are glad to hear from the lips of an intelligent visitor that "hot weather is sometimes experienced in London," and that omnibuses as well as cabs ply for the accommodation of wayfarers in our capital city. We can enter into the Scotch-Canadian's feelings of annoyance at the coldness and almost impertinence of English travellers and strangers. Nothing could be ruder than the conduct of a person who uncivilly bowed off his kindly attention on one occasion which he records. He is candid enough to tell us that one fellow-traveller, whose persistent silence and hauteur were beginning to incense him, turned out to be deaf and dumb. Our engineer's cordial optimism is really quite delightful, and might teach most of us a lesson. He is gratefully exuberant to know that in an ocean-steamer he can get hot water when he rings or calls for it, and that he can go in and out of his own stateroom whenever he likes. Of the Pullman Car in the colony, not in England, he ecstatically exclaims:—"What dream is there in the *Arabian Nights* equal to the realization of finding yourself in a comfortable bed with all the accessories of home, travelling at the rate of forty miles an hour?" He is made very happy by finding that he can get a chop and a glass of ale at a Cornish inn, and his patriot heart is rejoiced at reading a very Scotch name over a shop door in Truro. He never magnifies his own pluck or good temper; but he is loud in praise of the bravery and kindness of his companions and servants, and is never without a kind word or thought for his horses. He no sooner lands at Glasgow than he takes Willie Gordon, a shoe-boy who had shown him his way, to Corbett's famous eating-house, and gives him a good breakfast. And his benevolence so buoys him with pleasure and hope, and a belief in the good fortune which must happen to his friends, that he feels it not at all "off the cards" that his young *protégé* may "one day be Sir William Gordon and a distinguished Lord Provost of Glasgow." At Exmoor he goes to "a christening at the church, in which we were all interested, and through which one of the names born (*sic*) by the humble writer of these pages may be remembered a few years after his own race is run." At sea he entered with zest into the giving and guessing of riddles. Some of these conundrums, he says, deserved to be perpetuated. But we regret to say that he records none of them. It is in the kindest and gentlest of tones that he enters his reluctant protest against the (to less placid minds) intolerable nuisance of being called upon by one's insatiable shipmates to play whist at sea at all hours. Mr. Fleming tells us that he has a good digestion and good spirits. We are very sure that he has a good heart. He belies the axiom of Pope; for, though he is a very true-blue Presbyterian, he is not at all sour. He went to a christening at an English church, and it appears that he even stood godfather to the child. We wish he had more clearly specified the name of this church, in which it appears that "there is a statue of Queen Anne near the altar which might easily pass for the Virgin." Mr. Fleming, in spite of his strong anti-prelatic prejudices, does not even accuse the incumbent of insidiously "leading up" to Mariolatry.

Thackeray tells us of the delight and astonishment of his boy-friend Jones at catching sight of his schoolfellow Smith in the pit of Covent Garden Theatre. With similar surprised pleasure the author of *Canada and England* records that, among the worshippers at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, "strange to say, he recognized Mr. Oliver Mowat." There is scarcely one unkind word in this book. On almost the only occasion on which Mr. Fleming essays to say something severe and satirical, he veils his censure under an obscurity of expression which renders it innocuous. In speaking of some unsocial and reserved fellow-passengers on board ship, he suffers these dark and sarcastic words to escape him:—"On seeing these people, I have thought of *Aesop's* mountain in labour, and pitied the poor little mouse brought into the world with such effort." What was the mouse? None of the enigmas propounded in the cheery saloon of the *Polynesian* more required an *Oedipus* for its solution.

* *England and Canada: a Summer Tour between Old and New Westminster*. By Sandford Fleming, C.E., C.M.G., &c. London: Sampson Low & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS.*

MR. MAX MÜLLER has collected from various periodicals and volumes a number of interesting biographical studies of men lately dead. The subjects range from Rāmmohun Roy to Bun yui Nanjo, and from Kenjiu Kasawara to Kingsley. All the essays are connected by the common tastes and aspirations of men who were either Orientals or Orientalists, or interested in the theory or practice of religion. In writing about his dead friends, Mr. Müller naturally brings forward those opinions of his own with which, by this time, we are all pretty familiar. The essay on Rāmmohun Roy repeats doctrines which Mr. Müller has often preached, and which are as remarkable for spiritual fervour as their manner is for fluency and unction. We may praise them, much as Aristotle did the notions of Plato, for ingenuity, for style, for conviction and originality; but to say that all these ideas are correct, or even generally accepted by students of the history of Race and Religion, is another matter. The brief biography of Rāmmohun Roy, if critically examined, will give us the points on which Mr. Müller possesses a certainty not shared by other people interested in the same inquiries. Rāmmohun Roy's story is extremely like a solar myth, and might (had he not flourished within living memory) have been even explained away as a solar myth by some conjectural philosophers. He was a Brāhman, and was born in the radiant East. Here he passed through or under certain clouds which obscured his early course. Then he quarrelled with his parents, one of whom tried to disinherit him on account of his monotheistic opinions and his aversion to the idolatry of popular religion. He became *Diwān*, which "meant often *de facto* magistrate, *de facto* collector, and *de facto* judge," in the East India Company's service. Here, again, clouds chequered his radiant career. "Remarks have been made on the sudden wealth which Rāmmohun Roy was supposed to have accumulated during his *Diwānship*." Passing beyond this region of shifting and broken lights, Rāmmohun Roy, exactly like the sun, proceeded on his westward course and "came to England, the first Brāhman who ever crossed the sea." Thus, like Yama (who is also recognized as the Sun), Rāmmohun Roy "opened a path unto many." Even in England his tendency was ever to the West, and "he at last came to Bristol to finish his search for truth," and at Bristol he died.

Monotheism was the main religious interest of Rāmmohun Roy. Mr. Müller says that "his life-work was the restoration of the old religions of India as contained in the *Veda*." This is, perhaps, a somewhat poetical way of stating the facts. The religion of the *Veda* is no more monotheistic than that of any other people who believe in great numbers of gods. On the other hand, Rāmmohun Roy used in his earlier controversies always to maintain that the *Veda* was monotheistic. "The *Veda*," he declared, "sanctioned no idolatry, taught monotheism, ignored caste, prohibited the burning of widows, contained, in fact, a religion as true, as pure, and as perfect as Christianity itself." Mr. Müller adds, "This was a bold assertion, half true, half false." As far as Rāmmohun Roy contended that the *Veda* "taught monotheism," his assertion, we fear, was false altogether and absolutely. Perhaps some of the poets of the hymns may have been monotheists in their hearts; but a collection of poems addressed to dozens of gods, many of them highly disreputable, cannot be said to "teach monotheism," if language has still any meaning. But we may in a certain fashion excuse Rāmmohun Roy. Mr. Müller says, "Now it may sound strange, but I feel convinced that Rāmmohun Roy himself, when, in his controversy with his English friends, he fortified himself behind the rampart of the *Veda*, had no idea of what the *Veda* really was." He had a fancy *Veda*, a *Veda à son deus*; for in the *Veda*, as in the clouds of the sunset sky, all men see precisely what they please.

This brings us to an old quarrel with Mr. Müller. He very justly compares the position of the priests in India with that of the Catholic clergy when they were the only depositaries among an unlettered laity of the Bible. The Indian priests could make any assertions they pleased about the *Veda*, and these assertions could not be criticized by men against whom the knowledge of the *Veda* was sealed. Now these things are a type of the present state of knowledge of the history of religion in England. It is a subject about which much lore is accessible to the ordinary man who is master of the classical languages, modern languages, and who chooses to place confidence in published translations of Chaldean, Assyrian, and Egyptian documents. But an earnest inquirer of this kind looks in vain for an English rendering of the Rig-Veda or the Atharva Veda. Wilson's, we presume, like that of Langlois, is quite antiquated and untrustworthy. Ludwig's German version, in too many cases, resembles the famous crib to *Eschylus*, and "rivals the obscurity of the original." Now, all this time, the Clarendon Press has been publishing—thanks to Mr. Max Müller—a valuable series of versions of *The Sacred Books of the East*. Here we find the *Satapatha Brahmana*, the *Zend Avesta*, plenty of *Upanishads*, the *Institutes of Vishnu*, and so forth, but no translation of the Rig-Veda. Why not? Surely the *Veda* can be translated into English. If not, why not? If a translation could only be provisional in the present state of Sanskrit learning, then the science of religion which Mr. Müller based so much on the *Veda* is only provisional too. Meanwhile the ordinary person who concerns himself with these deep matters would be, were it not for the Germans

and French, and Muir's Sanskrit texts, in the position of the priest-ridden peoples of India. He would know nothing of the famous, all-important *Veda* except what Mr. Müller likes to tell him. He would be obliged to believe that the hymns teach "a monotheistic religion." He would have to credit the Vedic singers with a faith in "The All Father and the Infinite Beyond in the golden East." He would have to regard fetishism as a late corruption of Vedic religion. But Mr. Müller is not the only depositary of the knowledge of the *Veda*; and we find other learned depositaries—such as Ludwig, Barth, Whitney, Bergaigne, and so on—with very different opinions as to the character and teaching of the *Veda*. Thus the ordinary student is left in much doubt and difficulty. Perhaps he may be told to learn Sanskrit as Rāmmohun Roy learned Greek and Hebrew. But who in his senses would ever have accepted Rāmmohun Roy as an authority on a moot point in Homer or the Psalms? No one, of course; and the ardent student who got up Sanskrit for purposes of the history of religion would have no more right to trust his own opinion on a knotty and disputed point than Rāmmohun Roy would have had to maintain his view of *kev*, let us say, against Mr. Monro's. Thus it does seem as if the English version of the Rig-Veda and the Atharva Veda were debts which the Clarendon Press owes to literature and to human ignorance. Let us be Protestants in this matter, and clamour for a popular rendering of the *Veda*, a rendering which will give "private judgment" something to base itself upon. To touch on a matter less important, Mr. Müller shows, in this essay, that he still believes in the common Asian cradle of the Aryan race, in spite of Penka, Schrader, and others who fondly rock a new cradle in the north of Europe. Probably Mr. Müller is right, but alas! we have no longer the old childlike confidence which originally received the *Lectures on the Science of Language*.

This remonstrance, this warning that Mr. Müller's views are by no means universally accepted by scholars, seems a necessary admonition to the "general reader." In Rāmmohun Roy, to return to that topic, Mr. Müller finds a "great," and we must all recognize an original, man. Perhaps he showed "a little want of honesty" in his arguments in support of the revealed character of the *Veda*. If Mr. Müller palliates this in an Oriental, he is, on the contrary, very angry with another famous man suspected of "economy." We quote Mr. Müller's remarkable view of Canon Kingsley's controversy with Cardinal Newman:—

His most famous controversy was that with John Henry Newman, the High Church theologian, who ended by becoming a Roman Catholic. The controversy was the old controversy, whether it is allowable within the Christian Church to suppress truth from respect for authority. To Kingsley that ecclesiastical policy was not only unchristian, but simply inhuman, and with all due respect for the historical importance of the papal church-government, he often spoke with the strongest indignation against what he called the un-English character of the Roman priesthood. This called the learned and clever theologian, John Henry Newman, into the arena, as the defender of his new co-religionists, and led to a literary duel which will retain an historical character, if only by having called forth Newman's *Apologia pro vita mea*. Strange to say, public opinion was in favour of Newman. He was the cleverer, sharper, more sarcastic fencer, and while Kingsley came down with heavy blows, his opponent inflicted many painful wounds.

Mr. Müller is a much more lenient judge of Keshub Chunder Sen than of the Cardinal. This remarkable Oriental was the cause, apparently, of dissent in the Brahmo Samaj, the Indian Theistic society. The Indian mind seems to sway between a tendency to a lofty and mystic spiritualism, on the one side, and a tendency to deify contemporary persons, and believe in contemporary avatars and revelations, on the other side. Keshub Chunder Sen had been an apostle of the purer inclinations of the Indian character. He gave a handle to his enemies by breaking, to the worldly advantage of his family, the rules of life and of marriage on which he had specially insisted. He also appears to have been more or less carried away in the less spiritual direction by a somewhat overweening belief in himself and in the character of his mission. Mr. Müller's biographical sketch remembers him at his best. He was not a perfect character, but the difficulties and temptations of a religiously-minded Hindoo who throws off the Sacred Thread and the ancient traditions are numerous and diverse. Perhaps a more sympathetic person is the quiet and stoical Japanese student, Kenjiu Kasawara. What of all things one would have desired is a full account of the initiations in the worship of the Parthiva Linga (p. 172). This initiation, as far as described by Dyānanda Sarasvati, seems very like an Indian survival of the mysteries commonly practised among the savage races of Africa, America, and Australia when boys reach puberty. Unlike the countrymen of Hiawatha, young Dyānanda "broke his fast," and he became wholly sceptical about Siva.

Mr. Müller's essays on Colebrooke and Bunsen are reprinted from *Chips from a German Workshop*, where they were already accessible. His very interesting notice of Mohl contains that great Orientalist's opinion of Herodotus. Admirers of the Halicarnassian will find with pleasure that Mohl did not regard him as an envious liar. "Nous voyons que tout ce que nous avons appris sur l'Egypte, l'Inde et la Perse, n'a fait que grandir l'autorité d'Herodote. C'est un cadre qui se remplit, mais qui ne change pas dans ses parties essentielles."

Like all Mr. Müller's writings, this volume of biographical sketches will be read with almost equal pleasure by his followers and by those who cannot follow him complacently nor to all lengths. The former will find all the old charm and unction, the latter will have once more to clear up their thoughts on the

* Biographical Essays. By F. Max Müller, K.M. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

matters in doubt or in dispute. The main interest, as usual, is the convergence of the hopes and sentiments of men of all climes and races towards one conception of the Divine. However mean and obscure the beginning of this sentiment, there is unity in its final aim.

Πάντες δὲ θεῶν χαρίσθιον ἀνθρώποις.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

WHEN we contemplate the dimensions of the pile of Christmas books and other publications which has already accumulated, when we remember how short a time it seems since the task of reviewing last year's books was accomplished, and when we remember what numbers of new books have appeared in the interval, the talk to be heard on all sides as to the depression of trade, and especially as to the depression of the book trade, seems to be but idle. If it does not pay to bring out new books, why are so many brought out? How many of those published last year were good enough to be re-issued? Of course we see already the inevitable new edition of *Robinson Crusoe* (Blackie & Son); but cannot the modern professional adventure-writer compose something which will run through ten or twenty editions or more? Perhaps some do, and we have overlooked them; but there is a significant paragraph on the title-page of one of the stories before us. We shall have occasion to notice the story itself further on; at present we are only concerned with a list which follows the writer's name. He is described as having already written and published no fewer than twenty-two books, which, to judge by their titles, are all of the same character—namely, books of adventure; and at the end of the appalling list are what may be called the "determinatives," "etc. &c." It is enough to take one's breath away, but it shows pretty clearly why these books do not succeed like, say, *Sandford and Merton* or *Masterman Ready*. We have a vague idea that, in a long career of reviewing of this kind, we have encountered one out of all the twenty-two, "etc. &c." The rest have all failed, if they ever came before us, to make such an impression as would keep memory alive. In other words, as compared with the great classics mentioned above, they have no permanent or abiding interest or value. They are not well enough written to last. The characters are not clearly enough drawn; the plot is not sufficiently ingenious, or is not thoroughly worked out; the adventures, however thrilling for the moment, are set in a vague background, which poor woodcuts do not make more vivid; and there are none of those touches of reality, of comedy or tragedy, as the case may be, which are to be found in the books of the older authors—books, we may be sure, which were the work, each of them, of years of thought and labour. Defoe, with all his versatility and all his proficiency, wrote but one *Robinson Crusoe*. Twenty-two annual *Robinsons* would have been impossible even to him. In spite of what unsuccessful authors and others may think, there are few sensations less agreeable than those of a critic who can find little but what is contemptuous to say of the work before him. Let us be as lenient as possible, we cannot, judging from the present instalment of books for boys, see any great improvement since last year in the character of the Christmas publications. Now and then we light on something of more serious purpose than the rest, something on which a certain amount of care has been expended, and which contains, here and there, such a touch of reality, but usually only in an anecdote or episode, as makes the critic anxious to say the best he can. *The Young Trawler: a Story of Life and Death and Rescue* (Nisbet), is by the very experienced hand of Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, and is intended to call attention to a body of men—we had almost said a race—whose whole lives are spent on the sea, not in the tropics, not in calm bays and land-locked firths, but on the open stormy bosom of the German Ocean; who are eight weeks at a time at sea in all weathers, winter and summer, and only one week at home in their Suffolk harbours; who live in what are little better than open boats, at the mercy of fog, winds, and currents, and all to catch fish for the London market. There are twelve thousand of these trawlers. Mr. Ballantyne makes a pretty, if somewhat carelessly written, story of their lives. It seems, on the whole, though it contains some very impossible characters, to be tolerably true to fact, and it is useful as calling attention to a large class of our fellow-countrymen whose manners, customs, and interests are less known to us than those of the Zulus. A great deal has been done during the last few years to ameliorate their position. Mr. Ballantyne has an interesting appendix on the subject; but both here and in the body of the book the religious aspect of the subject is, we venture to think, somewhat distorted. It has fallen to the lot of many of us to meet with the members of the Thames Church Mission and the Waterside Mission, and other more or less intimately connected Societies, and we imagine they will be rather surprised at the doctrines Mr. Ballantyne has put into their mouths. However, this is a book to recommend. It strikes a blot in our social life. The Dutch "coper," who carries fiery Schnapps and worse, among the trawlers, has had it all his own way for years, and the Mission boats have uphill work to perform.

It is always a difficult, we might almost say an impossible, task, to paint a faithful and vivid picture of a war before War Correspondents had been discovered. Miss Harriette E. Burch has

undertaken it in her *Wind and Wave Fulfilling His Word* (Religious Tract Society), and has managed to write an interesting story, founded on the final struggle for independence made by the Dutch during the siege of Leyden in 1574. The strong religious and party feeling between Protestants and Romanists forms, of course, a principal feature in the story. The illustrations are poor rather than distinctly bad, and seem, like those in the books of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to have suffered much from the unskilled or careless hands of the engravers. Another volume issued by the Religious Tract Society is entitled *The Mela at Tulsipur*, and professes to give glimpses of missionary life and work in India. It is by a missionary who was ten years in the Northern Provinces, Mr. B. H. Badley, and ought to be a delightful book, for it is full of strange sights and pleasant journeys; but it lacks, somehow, that simple directness of narrative which charms young people, and it is interspersed with missionary reflections of the crudest kind, which go far to spoil it. Some of the illustrations are evidently from photographs, and, in spite of cutting, are not bad. The rest are worthless.

Some volumes of historical tales may come next, though the periods to which they relate lie far apart. *The French Prisoners*, by Edward Bertz (Macmillan), is a tale of the Franco-Prussian War. Though prettily written and interesting, it does not bear the stamp of being by an author himself experienced in the painful and stirring episodes of that terrible time. We cannot regret the absence of illustrations, and the book is tastefully got up and bound in tricolour. *Brothers in Arms* (Blackie), by F. Bayford Harrison, is also historical, but is about so remote an epoch as the Crusades. If it is difficult to draw a vivid picture of the year 1574, like Miss Burch's *Wind and Wave*, or even of three hundred years later, as in Mr. Edward Bertz's book, it is much more so to give reality to scenes supposed to have taken place in the twelfth century. The "jeune premier" of the story, Eric, despite his blue and yellow clothes, and his use of such expressions as "perchance" and "thou," differs not at all that we can see from any ordinary public-school boy of the present day. The story is bright and interesting in its way; but the want of an effect of reality is greatly increased by the absence of scenery or background. There are several illustrations, which seem to be archeologically correct.

We have two volumes of a similar character from Messrs. Blackie. They are both by Mr. Henty, the well-known adept in this class of literature. The first, *St. George for England*, describes in narrative form the campaigns of Cressy and Poitiers. The other, *In Freedom's Cause*, relates to Wallace and Bruce. Mr. Henty's fame is so well established that we need not do more than call attention to these stirring tales. *Traitor or Patriot?* (Blackie), by Mary C. Rowsell, is another attempt to weave a romance about an obscure passage in our history. It is a tale of the mysterious Rye House Plot, of which we really know so little; but, as the author wisely remarks, "one story is good until another is told."

Two books on natural history show the great improvement that for some years has been going on in schoolroom science. Mrs. Dyson discourses to young folks on *Apples and Oranges* (Religious Tract Society) and many other fruits. There are cuts of Sir Isaac and his famous gravitating apple, of monkeys and coco-nuts and other things, and the book has many attractions, including a number of very fresh anecdotes; but, on the whole, the effect is too much like that of one of the South Kensington cookery-books. It is certainly full of "fine confused feeding," but is more the sort of book from which a governess might prepare nursery lectures than one to place in the children's hands. They would probably find too many pills in the jam. *Natural History for Young Folks* (Nelson) is evidently the result of years of research on the part of the author, Mrs. C. C. Campbell. Her object has been to simplify the more scientific side of the subject, and "to explain how the different orders of animals, from man, the highest, down to the duck-billed platypus, resemble one another." The chapters are arranged according to the latest and most advanced system, and the book is not too much padded with anecdotes, which only encumber a child's mind, but is at the same time thoroughly entertaining. This volume only relates to the mammalia, but probably Mrs. Campbell will be encouraged to write a companion volume on birds. The illustrations by Mr. Giacomelli are above the average of this year.

Five books of adventure, so far, are before us. Boys and many of their seniors will like to read of *The Wreck of the Nancy Bell* (Blackie), by John C. Hutcheson. It describes the adventures of a party of sailors and passengers stranded among the penguins on Kerguelen Land. Something of the kind did happen there a few years ago, and Mr. Hutcheson has contrived to put a good deal of local colouring into his narrative, and to give it much of that air of reality usually wanting in books of this class. We cannot admire the so-called illustrations. The best of these books, if sensationalism is sought for, is *The Pirate Island* (Blackie), by Mr. Harry Collingwood. A ship burned at sea, passengers, including ladies and children, rescued by a pirate who has an island with stores, a mountain in which is an auriferous cavern, a Greek villain, an English engineer, an earthquake, the launch of a new ship, the escape of the captives, an eruption in which the Greek villain is burnt alive by lava, and many other fearful and wonderful things, are described with minuteness and care, if without much of Defoe's or Swift's realistic power. The result is a very amusing book, but not one which will do much to increase a boy's knowledge of the world or of human character. The illustrations are

just tolerable. They add nothing to the interest, but are not, like some others in this year's Christmas books, grotesque. We greatly prefer a much more sober story, *Charlie Asgarde* (Macmillan), by Mr. Alfred St. Johnston, which tells of two young men wrecked on one of the Fiji Islands, before modern civilization, and while "long pig" was still an ordinary comestible. There is considerable knowledge of the manners, customs, and language of the islands shown in the book, as well as more verisimilitude to nature than is usual; and if Mr. St. Johnston, whose *Camping among Cannibals* has already proved his knowledge, could have avoided a little of "the cave, the ghost, and the great deal of robbers" business, the book would have been all the better. The illustrations we cannot criticize. Like Charles Lamb's "books which are no books," there has sprung up in these degenerate days style of book illustration which is no illustration. The imagination of any healthy and well-informed boy is better capable of supplementing Mr. St. Johnston's vivid descriptions so as to form pictures in his mind's eye without absurd, ignorant, ill-drawn, and worse-cut engravings. Of a third book of this kind we have less to say, because the materials of which it is made up are not original. This is *Stories of the Sea in Former Days* (Blackie), a mere collection of the old publications concerning memorable shipwrecks, in several instances containing words and expressions not common in respectable society now, and only useful as likely to deter schoolboys from "running away to sea." The account of La Pérouse is very poorly translated, and abounds in inverted and strange idioms, and so carelessly have the proof-sheets been corrected that Abba Thulle, King of Pelew, the father of the famous "Prince Lee Boo," is called "Abba Thub," not once only, but many times. A very similar compilation is *Adventures in Field, Flood, and Forest* (Blackie).

Some stories, juvenile novels, in fact, may bring this week's article to a close. The best in many respects is Miss Annette Lyster's *An Unwilling Witness* (Nisbet). We noticed last year the advance made by this writer, and are glad to see it continue. It would be almost impossible for a woman to write a book about school life which would fully satisfy a schoolboy. But mothers, sisters, and "aunts in the country" will be sure to like *An Unwilling Witness*, and will find in Sir Hugo, the hero, an ideal which will satisfy their fondest dreams of heroic boyhood. The story is really most pleasant and bright, and full of incident and good talk. *The Doctor's Experiment* (Religious Tract Society) is another wholesome story of schoolboy life. Two boys, who carry their school friendship into the holidays, are victimized by having a stranger of the same age thrust upon them. The stranger, Stephen, is shy, silent, ill-mannered, and ill-tempered; and their sufferings are prolonged by his being sent back with them to school. All this is told with great skill and power of delineating character. There are many episodes in the main narrative, some of them extremely amusing; as where the friends buy a pair of ponies, and where a youth of the "masher" type is described. As far as experience and distant recollections of early years carry us, children dislike allegory. They really distrust it. We cannot imagine any child being pleased with *Effie and her Strange Acquaintances*, by the Rev. J. Crofts (Griffith & Farran), or, to put it differently, we could scarcely imagine liking a child who did. The illustrations, however, are very superior to the average of this year. *Christmas Tree Land* (Macmillan) is by Mrs. Molesworth, and is illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane. It is sure to be welcomed by the little ones who have already so much enjoyed the author's former books. It is full of graceful and poetic fancies. *Fairy Tales from Brentano*, told in English by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker (Fisher Unwin) is a collection of five tales from the German. They are all amusing, and are of the real old kind, without lurking moral or sneaking attempts to teach anything. The illustrations, by F. Carruthers Gould, are excellent, and really illustrate the stories. The translation is hardly up to the mark.

We have received the second editions of *Roughing it in Van Diemen's Land*, by Richard Rowe; *A Haven of Rest*, by the same author; *Modern Wonders of the World*, by William Gilbert; *Marquise and Rosette*, by the Baroness E. M. de Chesney; *The Children's Journey*, by the author of *Our Children's Story: The Story of Ten Thousand Homes*, by Mrs. Robert O'Reilly, and the third edition of *Dora's Boy*, by Mrs. Ross; all from the same publishers, Messrs. W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. The eighth volume of the same series, *Tales of Many Lands*, by M. Fraser Tytler, is from the same publishers. It is not likely to reach a second edition on its own merits. It contains stilted little stories of priggish little children.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. MAX O'RELL'S book on *Les filles de John Bull* (1) is very much what might have been expected from the author and the subject. In point of matter it contains, like *John Bull et son île*, the result of a rather longer and more minute examination of England than some other French books of the kind, vitiated, as before, by the operation of the same prejudices and fixed ideas which it seems necessary that every Frenchman, not of genius, shall be born with and shall carry to his grave, and by defects of taste which are, it may be hoped, more peculiar to him. In manner it has the faults of the former book, aggravated by the nature of the subject, but conditioned to a certain extent by the fact

that M. O'Rell looks for an English as well as a French public. He is therefore obliged to curb and veil to some extent the peculiarities which Coleridge and Thackeray have described as characteristic of M. O'Rell's compatriots. For our part, we cannot say that the curbing and the veiling make these peculiarities any more comely in our eyes. For the best of all possible reasons we shall not criticize particular passages in M. O'Rell's book. To describe it with strict accuracy, if an Englishman wishes to see how a Frenchman of a certain class writes about Englishwomen when he is a little afraid to give his natural instincts full play, he may find full satisfaction in *Les filles de John Bull*. As for French readers, it would be a bad compliment to them to doubt their speedy perception of the fact that in not a few places M. O'Rell is not describing facts at all, but simply composing fantasy pieces in imitation of M. Gustave Droz and other writers. But it may be well to warn those of them who do not know English ladies that M. O'Rell is pretty obviously in the same position. His acquaintance with lodging-house "slaves," shopgirls, and some other subjects of his pen we see no reason to question.

The mighty host of almanachs, which play so much more important a part in France than anything at all corresponding to them does in England, has begun its yearly movement. We need not encumber the foot of this notice with a formal list of titles and publishers, for the excellent reason that all the books we are about to mention appear at the Dépôt Central des Almanachs (MM. Plon, Nourrit, et Cie). There is first of all the *véritable* (and venerable) *triple Liégeois*, a fat little volume nearly as thick as it is broad and long, which, as in former years, manifests a fatal tendency to split up into leaves Sibylline from another point of view than that of mystery. The paper of the *Liégeois* is decidedly grey, and its type is very blunt, but its contents are far from being scrofulous; for, in addition to all sorts of useful information, in point of fact it abounds with golden rules such as the following:—

Sur la fin du jour prends un bain,
Pour la santé rien de plus sain;
Sois gai, mange peu, bois de même;
Voilà le remède suprême.

The respectable Mathieu de la Drôme presents himself in three forms, "double," in which it seems that he is "indispensable aux cultivateurs et aux marins," "triple," in which he is "indispensable à tout le monde," and "annuaire," in which, though he does not say so, he must, we suppose, be indispensable to this world and others. Then we come to the varied annuals which present themselves only in one form. The *Almanach des célébrités* contains at least fifty large woodcut-portraits very fairly executed, though not always very judiciously selected. The Victor Hugo, for instance, is very uncharacteristic, and we can imagine even a person familiar with the poet's portraits failing to recognize it. The *Almanach lunatique* is not quite so amusing as it would like to be; but there is a good cut of an impossible duel in which both combatants run each other simultaneously through the body. The *Almanach du Charivari* is a safer "draw," and people who like the peculiar style of that periodical will find it well represented, especially in the "Mars" drawings. But, after all, M. Grévin has not been beaten at his own weapons, and the *Almanach Grévin des Parisiennes* is about the best of its kind. The design which frames the quarterly calendars is admirably hit off. From these light and frivolous volumes one passes to the *Parfait vigneron*, which is practical enough, and will, it may be trusted, be useful to more and more perfect wine-growers in France, instead, as has been the case lately, to fewer and fewer; and to the *Almanach du bon catholique* and the *Almanach du Sacré Cœur de Jésus*, which explain themselves, and to the *Almanach scientifique*, which is, perhaps, a little ambitiously named, but seems a useful publication enough. The *Almanach des jeunes mères* has a very hideous young mother in colours on its cover, but appears to contain edifying instructions for the care of infancy; and the *Almanach des dames et des demoiselles* is decorated outside with a *demoiselle* of some attractions and inside with sketches of fashions, and contains miscellaneous letterpress. In the *Almanach pour rire "Mars"* again appears, and to fair advantage. The *Petit almanach national de la France* is very military, and the *Almanach du savoir-vivre* contains lessons of etiquette which are doubtless excellent, but which, like all lessons of etiquette, are of local and temporary use only. The *Almanach prophétique* keeps fairly to its titles, and is filled with the supernatural, but the *Almanach astrologique* becomes tired of occult science very soon, and turns to the ordinary and very miscellaneous contents of these curious collections. *La mère Cigogne*, the *Almanach parisien*, and the *Almanach de France et du musée des familles* are miscellaneous merely. But the *Almanach comique* deserves its name pretty well, if not so well as the comic almanack of remote days in England; and the *Almanach manuel de la bonne cuisine* contains, as usual, some hints and remarks which are worth attention.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE latest volume of the "Illustrated Handbooks of Art History" (Sampson Low & Co.) may possibly be useful, but it is certainly not interesting. *Painting—Spanish and French* is the subject, and it is treated by Mr. G. W. Smith. Writing about pictures is seldom satisfactory, and the author of this handbook has made it almost impossible for himself to write a really instructive book by his choice of a method. We are also constrained

(1) *Les filles de John Bull*. Par Max O'Rell. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

to say that we can find nothing in the volume to show that he is qualified to write about art at all. As for his method, Mr. Smith simply follows the catalogues, giving dates and dry statements as to the nature of subject chosen by each painter and his reputation. It would be shorter to go to the catalogue at once. As for Mr. Smith's qualifications as a critic, they are almost wholly summed up in the virtue of modesty. He simply quotes Stirling and Ford for the Spaniards, and other well-known writers for the Frenchmen. When he ventures on something like an original statement, he fails to show that he understands the principles of the art he is writing about. What is to be made of the statement that Velasquez "attempted every branch of painting, and he succeeded in each?" There is nothing more certain in art criticism than that this very great painter was almost destitute of the higher poetic imagination and of religious feeling, and that those of his pictures in which these qualities are needed are not successful, in spite of their wonderful merits as pieces of workmanship. The numerous illustrations of this volume have the air of having been selected from a publisher's reserve stock, and the choice is at times curious. A Handbook of Art History ought not to give a whole page to Henri Regnault's portrait of Prim, while there is not a single drawing from J. F. Millet.

It is to some extent worth knowing what Paris looked like in 1816 to a solid English clerical gentleman. We can, therefore, recommend the Rev. Burroughs T. Norgate's *Paris and the Parisians the year after Waterloo* (London Literary Society) to the reader who can dip and skip with good-humour and a sharp eye. We see nothing in it particularly new or striking, but it has the life which every record of an eye-witness has more or less. There are even some details about cost of living at Paris in 1816 which have some statistical value.

Mr. J. McGovin, like other successful literary persons, has been encouraged by success. *Traced and Tracked; or, Memoirs of a City Detective* (Edinburgh: Menzies & Co.), is a continuation of his former volumes of police stories. It contains twenty-nine tales. We will not undertake to speak for the merits of all of them, but we are prepared to maintain that some are good specimens of their class. Perhaps the best way to enjoy them is to read one at a time at reasonable intervals; for, taking them all together, they are apt to become very tiresome. Next to eccentricity, crime seems to be the most monotonous thing in the world. Mr. McGovin, however, does not keep wholly to crime, but gives occasional digressions into sentiment of a mild kind. For the rest, he writes without affectation, and keeps his piety within bounds.

"Redistribution" is likely to be the order of the day for some time to come, if not in actual politics, at least among amateur professors of the science. Therefore, Mr. J. B. Huntington's *Guide to Redistribution* (J. & R. Maxwell) is timely in its appearance. It is written to enlighten that immense majority of the free and independent who, as Mr. Huntington justly observes, have only the vaguest idea what Redistribution means. It will at least serve to sharpen their wits against the day when the real thing comes on, if their zeal suddenly flares up to such a pitch that they feel the want of any sharpening at all.

An Amateur Angler's Days in Dove Dale (Sampson Low) is a nicely-printed little book which has the merit of not being half as tiresome as it might be. Only those who have had to look into many of the smaller scribblings about angling know to what a dreadful pitch of boredom they can attain.

"Trübner's Collection of Simplified Grammars" grows steadily. There have now been added a Swedish Grammar by E. C. Otté, a Polish Grammar by W. R. Morfill, and a Pali Grammar by Dr. E. Müller.

At the head of recent reprints we may place Mr. H. Spencer's new edition of his *Reasons for Dissenting from the Philosophy of M. Comte* (Williams & Norgate). An appendix "presenting an outline of the leading propositions of the Synthetic Philosophy" will further aid the reader in forming a correct judgment," says Mr. Spencer in his preface, being thoroughly determined to abolish Mr. Frederic Harrison's absurd accusation root and branch. Next in order comes a new edition of *John Herring* (Smith & Elder), in one volume; a second edition of *International Policy* (Chapman & Hall); a second edition of Mr. C. St. John's *Tour in Sutherlandshire* (Edinburgh: David Douglas); a third edition of Sir James Caird's *India* (Cassell & Co.); and the fifth thousand of Mr. J. Platt's work on *Poverty* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.). The Thirty-ninth Report of the National Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children has been published (printed for the Committee by C. Jaques). A very pretty new edition of Lord Byron's poems, in twelve volumes, sold in a box, is published by Sutaby & Co. Its value is diminished, however, by the fact that it contains a memoir full of commonplace, written in the poorest English we have met for some time, even among the very poor in style.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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